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SHORT STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR HOME AND TRAIN

No. 619. FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10TH, 1900. [ONE PENNY.

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Re **BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., late of Old St., London.**

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4/6

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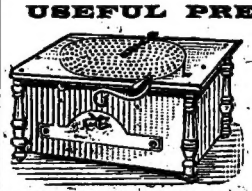

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SHORT STORIES

No. 619.] [One Penny.

For the Week Ending Nov. 10th, 1900.

GRANDFATHER'S WILL.

"There's nothing very much you can do, Miss Judith. Keep him quiet, and don't worry him about taking nourishment; as to the medicine, well, I don't think I'd urge it against his will. Likely to be a long affair? Well—no, my dear young lady, I fear not. We could hardly hope for a recovery at Mr. Warrington's time of life; eighty-two, did you say? Dear me, I hardly thought he was so old. Well, goodbye, my dear, goodbye, sure you wouldn't like anyone sent to help you? No—well, then, I'll look in again to-morrow."

Judith Warrington stood, and watched the doctor's phaeton out of sight. Far as the eye could reach, his was the only figure to be seen; along the wide expanse of moorland stretching beyond the fields ripe for the harvest, the heather, swayed in lazy undulating waves, filling the air with the sharp pungent odour inseparable from the breezy uplands of a moor-side farm.

The girl stretched out her arms, and took a long, deep breath, as though she could never get her fill of the spice-laden air. Presently, she moved towards the farmyard gate, stopping to pick a red carnation and a sweet-scented clove.

She was a well-made woman, tall, with long lithe arms, a supple figure, and a grace of movement, which, with the warmth, and depth of her rich colouring, were foreign to the fashion of beauty round Moorstables; the women of the district being for the most part, like their cattle, lean and brown.

She raised her face, to meet the full glow of the sun, curving her warm ripe lips into a smile, as the rays fell, hot as lover's kisses on her round white throat, and finely moulded cheek.

"I could almost fancy it was Dick," she muttered: then with a sudden frown, and change of attitude, she fell to plucking the petals of the flowers she carried, strewing them on the sun baked-path, with swift, relentless fingers.

"That's how I would like to serve Madge Bartlett though for all her pinky cheeks, and yellow hair, Dick thinks no more of her than thistledown," and she laughed in a defiant, mirthless sort of fashion.

The flowers destroyed, she went back slowly to the house. "Mollie," she cried, to a weary looking woman by the fire, "the Doctor says grandfather won't last longer than a while, he may go off at any minute."

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"Lord save us, you don't say so, Miss Judith, and you cousin Richard not at home, and master's will, and al beside, dearie me, it's sudden."

"What do you mean Mollie? I thought grandfather made his will last Christmas."

"It ain't a bit of good for you to look so fierce, Miss Judith, master tore up that 'one 'cos Richard angered him; I did hear tell, that the old man had left the farm to his cousin, Robert Stichell, master allus did cotton to him a bit,—being so near himself, he liked Bob's mean, close-fisted sort o' ways."

"You're not telling me the truth, Mollie, it's no good pretending you 'heard say,' you're keeping something back—something I mean to know. It's no use, Mollie, I'll make you speak before I've done; now, will you answer me or—" Judith's long fingers tightened on the woman's arm, gradually sliding down, until they clasped the thin, and withered wrist, turning and twisting, till the wretched creature screamed, though more in apprehension, than from actual pain.

"Will you answer?"

"Lord forgive me, you're a wicked woman, Judith," cried the poor old thing, "I promised master, and I'm skeered to break my word."

Judith leant forward once again, but with a shrill cry the woman seized her hand.

"I'll speak," she said, "Miss Judith—oh don't—don't; master sent for Lawyer Heydon one day when you and Dick were out. He left the farm to Robert Stichells, because he said 'Dick was a fool and you were worse,' and 'nary a one of you should have a penny,' and he made me sign my name—Margaret Hall—at foot of it, as plain as print. That's all, Miss Judith," she added as the girl stood sullenly before her, "you've a bad, black heart and if it wasn't for fear of what you'd do to master, I'd leave you all alone this blessed night, to see him die."

"You'd best take care, Mollie, grandfather's not dead yet, and if I tell him you've been talking of his secrets, he'd turn you out, as soon as look at you."

The woman shivered as if the girl's speech recalled some awesome memory, and watched the tall slight figure up the stairs, with a cowed expression in her faded, year-dimmed eyes.

Grandfather Warrington lay in a stupor, in the old

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"It's no use, Mollie, I'll make you speak before I've done."

oak bed; lost to every other sense, he still retained desire for warmth, and even with the glorious August sun flooding the room, a small wood fire burnt brightly in the grate. Judith flung back the lattice window, and crouching on the floor, studied her face in the small glass which hung upon the wall. She picked a spray of clematis through the open window, and arranged it in her hair, and turning in the collar of her gown, tried to fancy she was dressing for a ball.

In the flush of youth and beauty, her health and strength seemed almost insolent in contrast with the old man on the bed—feeble, palsied, and yellow as a sun-dried pea. She turned her head and smiled at the comely face that even the cheap bit of mirror could not utterly distort, cast down her eyes, showed her white, even teeth, as the play actress had done, on one never-to-be-forgotten day, when she and Dick had stolen off to the fair, thereby incurring her grandfather's wrath.

"Get out, you good for nothing, idle hussy, get out I say."

The glass fell from Judith's hand, the flower tumbled from her hair, grandfather Warrington galvanised into life was watching her with his bright, beady eyes, keen as a ferret's.

"You're ill, grandfather," she retorted, "and ill people don't understand what they say, so I'll forgive you this time. Lie down," she added, threateningly, "or I'll make you."

The old man glared like a trapped fox. For years he had ruled Judith, and his whole household with a rod of iron. She was the daughter of a recreant son of his who had married "a foreign woman," and got served rightly—in the local opinion—for his pains; foreign, in this case, not meaning the native of another country, but merely of a distant Shire.

Probably the cold looks, and colder words with which she had been greeted, had something to do with the "foreign woman's" early death, for she died when Judith was but two years old, and her husband, having, apparently, exhausted all his strength in the one act of rebellion he had ever dared to perpetrate, deprived of his partner in revolt, died shortly after; and Judith was given, grudgingly enough, food and shelter, by the old man, together with Richard, the only child of his eldest son, who, with his wife, had died of a malignant fever, some years previously.

"Give me my stick," the old man muttered threateningly, but the girl moved it even farther from his side.

"You can't hurt me now," she said, "it's my turn this time, grandfather."

A light breeze had sprung up, and the fresh air, while it merely cooled the hot blood in the young woman's veins, chilled the sluggish current of the old man's life, until he shivered, and tried to draw the clothes up tighter round him.

Judith noticed the movement, and left her writing at the table, to pull the window to.

"Judith, I'm dying," the voice sounded hoarse and strained. "Give me some drink, some drink, I say."

She came leisurely to the bed side, and placed a document in front of the old man, then, quickly returning to the table, she held out to him a pen with one hand, and a glass of water in the other.

"Drink first," she said, "and then sign this, at the bottom. It's your will," she added, "leaving the farm to Richard. There's nothing mentioned in it about me. I want Dick to have it all. Sign grandfather," and she tried to force the pen into his trembling fingers.

He shook his head and motioned her away.

"You don't think you're going to better me, do you?" she said, "you *shall* sign, I say you shall."

With a sudden effort the old man sat up, his long gaunt arms stretched out, his face alight with ineffectual rage, and baffled anger. Suddenly, his lips parted in the ghastly mockery of a smile, a cunning leer clouded the brightness of his small black eyes, and a hoarse chuckle contracted the muscles of his throat.

"You were allus a smart girl, Judith," he croaked, "you've got the better of gran'father haven't you? You're a bonnie lass, my dear, a bonnie lass, but gold is better than good looks, my lass, better than good looks."

He peered at her from under the shawl, that was wrapped round his head, and chuckling in a hoarse, mirthless sort of fashion signed his name, in somewhat faint, but quite distinguishable characters.

"Gold buys love, my dear," he said "all the world over; and never a Warrington yet, except your father, simple fool, who didn't look at the setting of a pretty face, afore he took it."

For the first time, Judith grew frightened at her own daring, was it possible that Mollie had lied to her about the previous will, could grandfather mean that Richard would not marry her unless she had money? Visions of Madge Bartlett with her dowry of £200 flitted through her mind. "Grandfather," she said, "what do you mean, tell me, here—drink this," and she held the

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glass once more up to his lips. But with a strange accession of fury the old man dashed the tumbler to the ground.

"Get out," he screamed, "get out, or else I'll revile you."

He raised his hand, his lips opened,—terrified at his gleaming eyes, and shaking head, the girl rushed to the door, and called for "Mollie."

He was still sitting up when the old woman came, and pointed to the document for her to sign. She obeyed his gesture unquestioningly, and then he pointed to Judith, watching her with a malignant grin, as she wrote in her clear firm hand upon the paper. Then once more the look of dulness settled on his face, covering it like a mask; he fell back rigid, and immovable, and so remained, until next night he died.

"I didn't think your grandfather would have gone off quite so suddenly," said Lawyer Heydon, to young Richard Warrington, as they drove over to the farm. "He was such a hearty looking man, that one forgot he was over eighty, I suppose."

Dick nodded, but not being at any time given to loquacity, made no other sign of comprehension. "It's a fine property," the lawyer went on, "a fine property and no mistake. The old man was bad to beat at a bargain, that I must say."

Dick smiled, and glanced round contentedly at the acres, and acres of cornfields, the hay stacks that filled the air with their faint sweet scent, the barns, and granaries groaning with plenty, against the background of the old farmhouse overgrown with clematis and honeysuckle.

She placed a document in front of the old man.

A tall figure was standing watching for them in the road, with eager eyes, and hot flushed cheeks, for hours Judith had been waiting there to catch the first sight of her cousin Dick.

The dog cart stopped at the rickety gate, and slowly and deliberately, the young man got out to meet her.

"Well Judith, my lass, and how are you?"

He was a tall loose-limbed man, with sleepy eyes, and a stolid face, which rarely changed its habitual expression of satisfied good humour. For the rest, his blood coursed somewhat sluggishly through his veins, which accounted for the torpidity of his emotions. Such as he was, however, Judith nourished for him an all-absorbing passion; Dick was to her another sun, giving forth even greater warmth and happiness than the god of the summer heavens himself.

The lawyer glanced at the pair of them, with his shrewd grey eyes. Like most men of middle age, he was even more susceptible to the influence of a pretty face than those who were less mature, and, while appreciating the force of beauty, could yet be tolerant to the faults of its possessor, even when they clashed with individual comforts. Throughout the country side Judith had no more sincere admirer than Lawyer Heydon, who was popularly supposed, to own no god but money bags, of which he had a goodly store.

Together they went into the old oak parlour, where Robert Stichells and Mollie were already waiting, the latter firmly clutching the will which Judith had forced her grandfather to sign the night before he died, and which no threats would induce the old woman to give up.

Lawyer Heydon opened the will in his possession and in his pleasant voice announced the disposition of the property.

"Margaret Hall," he stated, "had been already provided for, and to Robert Stichells was left his cousin's kindly wishes for increased prosperity. To Richard Warrington was bequeathed the farm, the money in the bank, and all the personal property; with a charge of £300 a year on the estate to be paid to Judith Warrington, in the event of the two cousins not marrying each other."

Dick stared abstractedly at the ceiling; had he been left to make his choice, Madge Bartlett would have been his selection for a wife, for as far as his slow brain ever decided anything, he had made up his mind some time ago, that when the old man died he'd "marry Madge." But even Madge could not be worth a sacrifice of £300 a year, and so he dismissed all thought of her, and accepted Judith's rapturous whisper, "Oh, Dick I love you so," with immovable serenity; after all Judith was a fine woman, and £300 was an awful lot of money.

For a moment the girl had forgotten the other will, but Mollie's shrill though feeble voice brought back the recollection with a quick, sharp pang—of course Mollie had deceived her, and told her about Bob Stichells in revenge for her unkind treatment; and her grandfather, wroth at her conduct, had let her have her own wicked wilful way to punish her, and at her own wish had signed away her—no, not her happiness, it should not be.

With a quick movement, she clasped old Mollie round the waist, and, in a low voice besought her to keep silent—she felt a sudden dread that Dick, if he once heard of the other will, would not wish to marry her—and she would die without him.

"Mollie, dear Mollie, listen, give it to me, I beg you."

But with a shrill cry the old woman pushed her back.

"Here's another will," she said, "that master made the night afore he died."

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"All my property I leave absolutely and unconditionally to Richard Warrington."

"It's not in form," said the lawyer, with a pitying glance at Judith, "but I am bound to say it's perfectly legal." Dick brought his eyes down from the ceiling and smiled brightly. Decidedly Judith was a fine figure of a woman, but blue eyes, pink cheeks, and yellow hair were far more to his taste, and then Madge Bartlett had £200!

"I told you, that evil would come to you, Miss Judith," said Mollie in the high-pitched quavering voice of old age, "you've a bad heart and you'll have a bad end."

But Lawyer Heydon cut hershort, and beckoning to Robert Stichells hurried from the room, leaving the cousins by themselves.

"Dick, you won't let it make a difference will you, dear? You do love me, don't you?"

"I can't say as to love, Judith, I allus thought you a fine figure of a girl, but £200 is a lot of money now-a-days—a lot of money, and a tidy fair-haired little body for a wife is something more to my taste than a woman over tall."

"Dick"—she panted, "you don't mean what you say—that girl—with her milk and water face and silly smile—to put her before me. Ah! don't punish me so sorely for my love. Mollie told me a black lie about grandfather's will, that he had left everything to Robert Stichells and so I made him sign another, leaving it all to you—because I loved you, loved you, Dick."

But that was more than Dick could comprehend; all he could grasp, was that his cousin Judith had forced his grandfather into doing something that he didn't like. That was sufficiently alarming to make him fear her for a wife, nay, she might compel—as by superior force of mind she had before compelled him to a course contrary to his liking—to marry her at once.

He edged away from her.

He edged away from her, and laid his hand upon the door.

"I'm just a bit knocked over, Judith; I'll see you by-and-bye, I'm going over to Madge Bartlett now."

And the tall, loose-jointed figure went stolidly out, and Lawyer Heydon, venturing at last, to look for Judith, found her white-faced, and despairing, huddled on the floor.

"I'm a wicked woman," she moaned, "a wicked woman, and I have been punished."

* * * * *

Moorstables had a deal to talk about that winter; first, grandfather Warrington's death, followed by his strange will, next, Judith's sudden journey to London, and Dick's marriage with Madge Bartlett; and as soon as that sensation had blown over, Lawyer Heydon astonished everyone by selling his practice, and disappearing from the county, leaving no clue as to his whereabouts.

Then, when that topic was exhausted also, the fact that Dick's wife was a shrew, and that Dick, himself, more often than not, sought refuge from her nagging tongue in the bar parlour of the "The Crown and Arms" furnished ample food for gossip, year in and year out.

But even that—engrossing, as it was, paled into nothingness beside the fact, that some one had bought the old manor house up the hill, a number of workmen being engaged pretty well all night and day to get it ready.

The new tenants arrived one summer evening, exactly four years after the death of grandfather Warrington, and all the world, his wife, and children, flocked to church the following Sunday to catch a glimpse of them.

"Who would have thought it, my word, but she's a beauty, looks like 'my lady' don't she? and as pleasant as possible, and so is he. Certainly Judith's done well and no mistake."

And if there was any lingering trace of doubt, or misgivings, in Judith's mind, as to whether she had "done well" or not, in marrying Lawyer Heydon—or rather Sir Alton Heydon, to give him his full title—(bestowed for distinguished political services)—if there was any lingering doubt, it was for ever dispelled at the sight of her girlish idol, Richard Warrington, who with a lagging step, sheepish and henpecked, followed his shrill-voiced red-faced wife. As he passed her, with a shamefaced sort of nod, she looked up at her husband—tall and dignified, the touch of snow among his crisp dark hair adding distinction to his presence. And as she met his eyes, all that was left of the old Judith, hard, cruel, and unforgiving, passed away for ever, leaving her heart simple, and trusting as a little child's.

"Alton," she said, "how could you marry such a wicked, wicked, wicked woman?"

He glanced at her fondly, her tall stately figure, her deep dark eyes, and clear cut face, always beautiful to him, but doubly so under the softening influences of her winsome womanly grace.

"My dear," he answered, tenderly, "I always loved you, even when you grieved me most; the Judith of long ago, an untrained and misguided girl, long since is dead, buried, forgotten, but, in her stead, is Judith, the woman I adore, my loving, tender-hearted wife."

J. K. PROTHERO.

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A Thought-Reading Experience.

"Do I believe in thought-reading?" The detective repeated the question in his usual quiet and decided tone. "Certainly. I have done a little of it myself. Do I believe that it has any practical utility in the detection of crime? Well"—after a pause—"I think that the best way to answer that question is to narrate a personal experience, if you are willing to hear it."

We were quite willing to hear it; the suggestion pleased us greatly, for the evening was getting slow. The manner in which we expressed our desire was a plain indication to the detective to go ahead at once. He did so somewhat after the following fashion:

Mr. John Dixon was a commission agent in the City; he had what was termed a small suite of offices at the back of the first floor of a large building, but as a matter of fact it was really one large room divided into three by means of match-boarding. There was his own private room, the partitions of which were double and the door covered with green baize; then a kind of waiting-room, and beyond that was the largest apartment of the three, which was occupied by three clerks and a specimen of the indispensable office boy.

Mr. Dixon was one of the many men who prefer some other occupation than that in which they find themselves. He by no means neglected his business, but he was fond of machinery and spent a good deal of time in trying to devise some machine which would revolutionise something or other, he was not particular what. That was his ambition, and he worked away for the love of the thing, money being a secondary consideration.

One day Mr. Dixon made application for the services of a detective and I was told off for the job. Mr. Dixon thought it best that I should go to his office in order to be posted in the details of the robbery, and at my suggestion he let me into his private office through a private door, and then locked both the doors of the little room in order to avoid interruption.

The commission agent told me that he had devised a very valuable machine; he had just completed the drawings, and they had been stolen. He said at least three firms would give a lot of money to get hold of such drawings, and went into rhapsody about his invention. I took it all quietly; all inventors are like that, and think that the child of their brain has never been equalled and never will be.

"It was done late last night or early this morning," said Mr. Dixon. "I often stay here after business hours so that I may have a little quiet time to work out my ideas. It is very seldom that my clerks have to stay after time. Last night I stayed here just to put a few improvements into the plans. I thought my clerks were gone, and I opened that door into the middle room in order to have more air. I had the plans laid out on this desk and was quite engrossed in my work, but all at once a slight cough caused me to jump from my seat and I saw one of my men, Arthur Symes, looking at me.

"I do not remember exactly what he said, but it was something about having stayed to finish some work; he wanted to know if I wished the outer door to be locked, and he seemed very confused. Yes, I suspect Symes. I took that fellow out of the gutter; he applied for the post and looked very shabby, but he was very straightforward as to the reason of his shabbiness. He had been weak enough to be led into betting; had 'borrowed' a small sum from his employer, and had been found out before he could replace it; he had been dismissed, and had been out of work for some time.

"Something about him attracted me. I am rather soft-hearted and I decided to give him another chance in life. He would not have the handling of money here. He has served me well for three months, but I have lately found that he is always short of money, which is an inducement to steal."

"Not a good record," I observed. "The plans were taken from your drawer without the lock being forced, so the thief must have had a key. Have you mentioned the loss to your clerks?"

"Yes. I was so staggered that I went straight into their room and said that some plans had been stolen from my drawer. Symes turned red."

"That's rather a pity, as it puts them on their guard. Now, I take it that you wish to recover the drawings, and that the punishment of the criminal is a minor consideration with you?"

I had judged aright; Dixon was anxious that no one should know of his invention just yet. However, if the plans had been disposed of, the detection of the thief would lead to the discovery of the purchaser and the restitution. Dixon would at once patent the invention so as to forestall any copying. But at present he was powerless to protect himself, as all his data had been destroyed and he only had the details that were on the finished drawing.

I left Mr. Dixon and decided to shadow Symes. I had hinted to the agent that if we called Symes into the private room and charged him point-blank with the theft, he might confess; but his employer said that such a course was unfair and against his principles.

A scrutiny of Symes told me that he was weak and likely to be led away. I shadowed him for the rest of the day. The next day, at my suggestion, he was sent out several times on various errands, but he went straight about his business and I could gather no evidence. After leaving the office, he went straight to his lodgings. An hour later he came out and I followed.

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He went to a hall not far off where some social entertainment was to be given. My heart gave a little jump of delight as I remembered that I knew the gentleman who got up these entertainments, and that I had on one occasion, at another place, given a thought-reading séance at his request. A scheme flashed through my mind, and I at once resolved to carry it out.

I entered the hall, and almost the first person I saw was my friend; he welcomed me heartily, and I had no difficulty in persuading him to let me give a short thought-reading entertainment. The soirée was a free and easy affair, the object being to keep young people from frequenting entertainments of a less healthy character. I did not tell him exactly what I was driving at, but induced him to help me to the extent of getting Symes to test my skill.

The idea of a thought-reading séance was welcomed with acclamation by those present, and I was soon at work. I remember that it struck me as peculiar that Symes should go to a place of this kind if he were bad, but I concluded that he was not wicked at heart—he was weak and easily fell into temptation.

Symes was third on the list for having his thoughts read. As I began on the first candidate, a young man, I remarked, in a tone of pretended gravity, that if he had committed any crime—theft or murder—he must try to conceal his thoughts, as I should assuredly find him out. There was a laugh at this, but I had an object in view and I pursued it.

"Suppose I am a detective, and you are a man who has stolen something from your employer—say, some documents or plans," I continued. "Now, I will show you what would result. You would think about those plans; you couldn't help yourself, and you would give away your secret to me. The same remark applies to evil thoughts of all kinds; hence the necessity for young people to do and think only what is right."

This little homily pleased my friend and the young people, but I could see that Symes was becoming uneasy. Just what I wanted. If he had taken the plans he could not help thinking of them.

Of course, my first customer did not interest me; I succeeded fairly well with him, although he tried to fog me. The second was a young girl who gave me no trouble. The result in these two cases earned for me a certain reputation. Then it was Symes's turn; he tried to draw back, and I seized the opportunity.

"No, no!" I cried cheerily. "There's no getting away! If you've stolen the plans, you must put up with it; you may try to hide your thoughts, but I shall read them."

There was a general laugh at this reference to my homily; my remarks were taken by the others as a huge joke, which was quite natural. Symes's countenance, however, indicated that he regarded it as a grim reality.

I went through the usual performance, and I had difficulty in restraining my delight at the result. Symes was simply giving himself away. His thoughts were confused, but the prominent idea was "Mr. Dixon's plans."

"I am accused of stealing the plans," was one thought which I deciphered, and around this were parts of sentences, all confirming me in the belief that he was the culprit. There was also a reflection of his previous fall, and the words "sold—possum bill."

I knew that the last two words could not be correct, and it suddenly flashed upon me that it was a corruption, or a misreading, of the name of the firm to which the plans had been sold.

"Do you know the name of the firm which sounds like 'possum bill'?" I asked.

"Pawson and Beal!" gasped Symes, and his face was a study.

"Exactly!" I cried. Then, turning to those present, I said: "You see, ladies and gentlemen, he is thinking of something that has been sold to Messrs. Pawson and Beal!"

Symes nodded; he could not speak. I dismissed him and tried another, after which I said that the séance must close, as it exhausted me.

I left the hall and went to the railway station, where I took a ticket for Wimbledon. I was elated with my success and determined to see Mr. Dixon at once at his private address.

It did not take me long to relate what had passed. Mr. Dixon was alternately furious and despondent. Of course, Pawson and Beal would be only too glad to get hold of the plans, and as we even now had no legal evidence it would be impossible to get those drawings out of their clutches. We discussed the matter, and ultimately decided that Symes should be called into the private office the following morning and bluntly told that he was the thief. I was certain that on seeing me, he would confess, and then our coast would be clear.

"The scoundrel!" cried Mr. Dixon vehemently. "To rob me of my plans after what I have done for him!"

"What is that, father?" It was the voice of his daughter, who had just entered the room.

Dixon, it seemed, had not mentioned the affair to her, so he now briefly told her that his much-prized drawings had been stolen.

"Drawings?" queried his daughter. "I suppose they are the drawings of a machine, like those which are in your coat upstairs?"

"What!" roared Dixon. Then he tore from the room.

When he reappeared he held some drawings in his hand, and he looked crestfallen.

"Here they are, safe enough," he admitted. "I see it all now. In my absorbed frame of mind I must have put them into my pocket instead of locking them up in my drawer. I wore that coat only on that day, because this one had got wet. I have not worn it since, or even looked at it."

I felt inclined to say uncomplimentary things about inventors and the preoccupied frame of mind common to them; and what I said to myself about thought-reading need not be repeated. There was a point that required clearing up—How did Symes play into my hands? This was cleared up satisfactorily.

Symes had heard, on the important evening, some remarks unconsciously made aloud by his employer while absorbed in altering his drawings. These mutterings told him that the plans were valuable and that Pawson and Beal would give a lot for them. Symes was a nervous man and, having regard to his past career and to what had occurred on the previous evening, he had jumped to the conclusion that he was suspected of the robbery. This preyed on his mind and made him continually think about it. My homily had worked upon his nerves; he was so scared at the idea of being accused that he could not keep from thinking of the robbery, and so had helped me to make a blunder. Yet I could not blame him, for it was quite natural. I had played on his nerves and reaped the reward. I have never since resorted to thought-reading in the detection of crime.

GEO. KNIGHT.

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THE ADVENTURES OF AN ACTOR.

IV.—Virtue's Champion.

We were playing *The Midnight Murderer* at a black hole of a mining town called Slaghill. I revelled in the title-*rôle*, and gloried mightily in the hisses and howls that greeted my realistic delineation of this double-dyed villain—a veritable king of heavy parts—Nathan Darkwater by name.

The local papers called me uncompromising and truculent, and my landladies, after seeing the play, did they happen to be of an emotional nature, at times would scarcely re-admit me into their houses.

Such was my first taste of fame, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, but I little imagined it would ever cost me so dear.

The inhabitants of Slaghill, being an unusually rough set of colliers, howled more than ever at my want of morality.

In the scene where I thrash a little collier's boy and then throw him into the river with intent to drown him, they let go the flood gates of their indignation with a vengeance.

Had it not been for the rescue of the child by the ever timely comedian I might well nigh have expected a rush upon the stage.

I have never before seen an audience look more like crossing the sacred line of the footlights. They showed their temper again when I tortured the leading man, having got him into my power through his own chronic stupidity. It might be argued that the ill-treatment would have a beneficial effect upon him, for he was blinded and dulled by an unnecessary excess of truthfulness and honesty, but that was not the way they looked at it.

Having gone through my list of murders, at the end of the last act I was caught red-handed committing the final deed. Then came the triumph of virtue and the capture of Mr. Darkwater by the police. Cries of "Shoot him," "Kill the brute," followed my exit between two weak-kneed policeman.

It was evidently a great grief to the audience that I did not suffer death before their eyes, preferring, no doubt, that the darling of their eyes, the comedian, or the second favourite, the leading man, should be the avenging angel; forgetting that according to all laws of probability such an act would seriously compromise the committer.

However, the author of this classic drama saw fit to depart in this one particular from precedent, so we had to abide by his decree.

The performance was over, and having removed my war paint I prepared to leave the theatre and seek our usual house of refreshment. I got as far as the stage door when I met Cavendish, our leading man, who held the door with one hand waving me back with the other.

"Go back! go back!" he cried.

"What for? What is the matter?"

"Get out by the front, look sharp, for they have come to mob you, kick you to death perhaps."

"What rot you are talking," said I, advancing, "What game is this you are playing? For if you take me for a 'mug,' you are mistaken, and I should advise you to try elsewhere."

"Don't be an idiot; I'm not 'kidding.' There is a big fool of a collier outside who has taken the play in earnest and has come to kill you, so he says, for he is certain the two bobbies he saw take you off would never be able to hold you."

"He is about right there."

"Jimmy (the comedian) is talking to him outside, trying to explain, but it is not much use."

I listened and could hear the murmur of many voices outside, Jimmy's above the rest, making a street corner speech, trying to enlighten the savages of Slaghill—a hopeless task. So it was really true. I felt it implied a compliment to me.

"Well, this is the funniest thing I have heard for a long time. The man must be mad. Why did you not send for the police?"

"The police! Why, you know in this place they would sooner kill a bobby than not. Besides, he has a whole crowd of them with him, the roughest in the place. who have come to see the fun and help a bit too, if needs be."

Jimmy's voice suddenly ceased, there came a heavy hammering upon the stage door, and a deep, gruff voice said: "Open the door. Dost thee hear, or I'll jolly well breck it daan."

I burst out laughing at the humour of the situation. This infuriated the collier outside, who thumped at the old stage-door more vigorously than ever,

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"If you's the bloke what's laffin'," he cried again, savouring his words with nearly as many oaths, "send him aat, and I'll kick his head off in a fair feyght. I knows thy laff, Mr. Darkwater."

"Now don't be a ninny," said Cavendish, "come on, follow me while there is yet time. For I'm not going to stand here for the door to fall on me."

I ran up the steps after Cavendish, had hardly reached the stage, when with a crash the door burst in and in a trice a score of roughs were on our track. Cavendish dived down a passage to a side door leading to the front of the house. I, knowing myself to be the quarry, hardly liked to trust to the side door being open, so I jumped the footlights and the orchestra rail, landing on my hands and knees in the pit. The curtain as usual was up for the night, but the headlights were still burning. On my way across the pit I unfortunately looked back to see what my pursuers were doing, this gave them a sight of my face, and with a yell they were after me leaping from the stage in among the forms and benches of the pit, tumbling one on top of another. A few severe injuries, I afterwards learned, were the result of that leap. The foremost among them was a big collier who, I had no doubt, was virtue's champion. I soon skipped over the benches and following Cavendish's shout found him feverishly undoing the front door.

"Heavens, it's a near thing," he said, as we banged the door after us, "you will have to run for your life. I'll run with you to the top of the street and then we will separate, and perhaps they will follow me."

As we hoped, they had some difficulty in finding their way out of the theatre, so we had half a street start and looking back we saw now only about a dozen emerge from the front of the house.

Being a bright, moonlight night they espied us immediately and shouting like fiends followed hotly upon our heels, the big collier again leading.

A man hunt was just the thing to please them mightily, better sport almost than football, and woe betide me if I were caught, I should be treated about as mercifully as a welsher.

They would take their cue from the usual blood and thunder melodramas they were accustomed to see and deal rough justice accordingly. The big collier, I had no doubt, was the only one in earnest, the remainder would look upon it as a joke to see a good fight, or saving that, to mob a man upon the slightest pretext.

At the top of the street Cavendish and I parted; he went towards the police-station to get aid to stop this farce if possible.

Our stratagem did not work however, they knew me and remained hotly in pursuit. I dived in and out small streets, and made for the outskirts of the town; once in the country I could easily hide in some ditch.

Never in my life had I run so, I hardly thought myself capable of such fleetness of foot. Thank goodness I was distancing them, and if I could judge by their cries, having lost sight of me, they had spread.

Once in the country, scrambling over hedge and ditch, I made a bee-line across the fields to a cemetery in the distance and climbing the rail was soon safe among the tomb-stones.

I lay on the grass exhausted, this at any rate would give me breathing space.

I had had scarcely ten minutes respite when I heard voices behind me and could hear them climbing the high iron railing; they had seen me climb those rails. I crept on hands and knees among the tombs until I had the little chapel between us, and then I ran to the opposite railings and scrambled over.

Across the fields I went in the shadow of a hedge, and up a hill, upon the top of which stood a colliery. I was half way up the hill when they again caught sight of me, so my hope of shelter in the buildings of the colliery was frustrated.

Over the top of the hill I went and down the other side.

Then I doubled like a coursed hare, round to the left, and sat in a ditch to watch their next move. After laboriously climbing the hill, the four now remaining scanned the country round.

Boots were evidently better to run in than clogs, and I now felt fairly secure so long as the country was open, rather beginning to enjoy the chase; it was not half bad fun when one felt in some degree safe.

Their council of war on the top of the hill was brief.

Two went to the colliery and the other two with unerring judgment came straight towards me.

If I moved I was sure to be seen, still there was no help for it, so I decamped. Yes, they saw me and the scamper soon began again. I was getting rather tired and very much blown, so I planned a lengthy detour with intent to return to the town and seek the shelter of my rooms. I went straight out into the country again, this time doubling to the right, and the ruse was quite successful for I saw them all run to the left. As I rounded the colliery hill on my way back I could see no sign of them, and fondly hoped they were still crossing the fields in the distance.

I passed the cemetery at a walk and quietly made my way into the town. For the moment I was nonplussed as to where I was, I had lost my bearings completely. I went first to the right and then to the left until at last I reached an open space which I knew to be near my own dwelling-place. Carefully I looked round the corner of the street before venturing into the open. There were workmen's sheds in the centre, and as I was obliged to cross I made for these as an intermediary cover. I had hardly reached them when from the opposite side of the waste ground who should appear from out a street than the big collier, all alone.

It seems we had each completed a half-circle, entering the town at different points, and meeting here. I slipped behind the sheds, but all too late—he had seen me, and I heard his clogs patter on the hard ground as he ran towards them. Should I bolt back the way I had come, or dodge round the sheds? I hesitated, and the next moment it was too late—he had reached the sheds. Then began the game afresh, cat and mouse this time.

"Come aat and feyght me, thoo dirty divil," he roared, hurling a brick at my disappearing feet as we slipped in and out between the sheds.

"Go home to bed, you mad fool!" shouted I back, throwing a big stone at him as he came round again.

"Mad? I'm not mad, thoo black fiend!" and another stone just missed me.

"Idiot, do you know what you are doing?"

"Aye, and thoo will an' all when I gets a-ho'd o' thee," came the reply.

We careered around those sheds exchanging stones, threats, and abuse until the pace slowed from weariness. I could hear his clattering clogs upon the stony ground while he could not hear the fall of my leather-shod feet, so I had a distinct advantage. Oh, if help would only come from Cavendish, or some of our fellows! What were they doing? I was fast losing my temper, a thing I do about once in five years. Why should I, I asked

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myself, be so undignifiedly harried about by a mad brute of a collier? Why not go out and fight him and take the consequences? I should have done so long before had he been an ordinary man, for I was not altogether a stranger to the art of boxing, but I had seen those clogged colliers fight; kicking each other senseless was their idea of the game; a ghastly sight enough to unnerve anyone. At the next pause I sought a parley.

"I'll come out and fight you," I shouted, "if you will promise me you won't use your clogs. No kicking! That's not my style of fighting."

"I won't promise you nowt," was the answer.

"Then you will have to run round here all night, that's all!"

With an oath he was on me and round we went again. I parleyed again with the same success.

"All right, all night," I yelled, and flung another stone at him. After a time there came a long pause. I supposed he was thinking or meditated some new stratagem.

Was he creeping round either side? No. Was he climbing a shed? No. Yes, he was thinking—a painful process to one of his mental calibre.

"Drat thy style," said he at last.

"Thanks," I replied.

"Why for can't thoo kick?" he asked.

"Haven't any clogs on."

"Well—that being so—I'll promise."

"Swear it!" I shouted.

And he swore a mighty oath in a thoroughly unprintable form.

It sounded safe enough, so pulling off my hat and coat I ran out into the open, he was after me in a moment and for a minute we stood facing each other.

"I'll give thee what for for beatin' yon little lad as thoo did, burnin' th' hero wi' hot iron bars, and murdering yon uther chaps," he said, with a savage glee.

"Don't be an ass," I retorted. "It was all pretence."

"None o' thy lies," he shouted, and we closed. My policy was to dance round him, avoid his blows, and get one in when I could. My tactics were successful, for I could clearly see I was not getting the worst of it. But my style of boxing was new to him and irritated him exceedingly.

"None o' thy prize feyghting; stand still," he gasped.

"Rats," I replied, and landed him one just above the belt.

It was a lucky shot for me, and I was making the running for some time after. Then he lost his temper, forgot his fearful oath and began his own peculiar style of fighting, viz., kicking. I remonstrated, but it was of no avail. Still, I found I could easily dodge his flying feet, but that necessitated more movement, and I was painfully conscious that my opponent had twice the staying power I had. I could not last very long and then it would be all over with me. Once by a feint I was lucky enough to catch his elevated leg and with all my strength hurled him backwards to the ground. But nothing seemed to hurt him. He got up a raging fiend and fought madly. It was then I had to use all the care I could exercise to prevent him closing. Had he done so my light weight would have been useless against his ponderous bulk.

The game was nearing a close for me, blows were falling more and more frequently to my share, when I suddenly heard a shout, my name called, and the tramp of several feet. I had no breath to answer, but for one half-second I turned my head to see whether friends or foes approached. It was an unlucky move for me. I looked back at my foe just in time to ward off a blow. I parried it so awkwardly that my feet slipped and I measured my length upon the ground.

Unable to check his rush the collier fell on the top of me, knocking the last remaining breath out of my body.

When I recovered consciousness I was being carried home by Cavendish and Jimmy.

My late adversary was struggling with two policemen.

Ever since we parted Cavendish had sought high and low for me, and was just on his way home, having given up the search.

I was not much the worse for my adventure next day, but I shall never forget Slaghill.

The tale soon spread through the town and business went up with leaps and bounds.

For my safety virtues representative was kept close that week.

Some time after these events a well known fifth-rate star came to play Hamlet at Slaghill, the performance so affected the mind of my late adversary that he took up his permanent abode in a lunatic asylum.

Just a parting word to melodramatic authors—please kill your villains at the end of the piece.

DOUGLAS VIGORS.

[**Next Week: LEFT IN THE LURCH.**]

WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO CAPTURE A TEN-POUND LADY?

Since last week two more Sealed Envelopes have been claimed, the lucky capturers being:

Mr. Thomas Kidman, 5 Brook Street, Bedminster, Bristol,

who captured No. 45 at a football match at Bristol, and

Mrs. J. Menzies, 85 Seymour Buildings, Seymour Place, London, W.,

who captured No. 24 at the Crystal Palace.

£320 HAS NOW BEEN PAID AWAY, and there are still fifty Sealed Envelopes awaiting claimants.

Up to the present no one has been able to capture a Ten-Pound Lady. There are ten of them about the country anxious to get rid of their Sealed Envelopes. No gentleman need apply, as these Envelopes are for ladies only.

The celebrated song

"HAVE YOU GOT THAT £10 NOTE?"

is now on sale, and can be obtained from all newsagents for 1s. 4d., or direct from the SONG DEPARTMENT, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for 1s. 6d. Postal Order (not stamps) post free.

A prize of £10 is offered to the person from whom we receive the best anecdote relating to the Ten-Pound Scheme. All attempts should be sent at once in envelopes addressed: TEN-POUND STORY EDITOR, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., not later than Monday, Nov. 19th.

Full particulars of the Scheme will be sent on application to Room 36, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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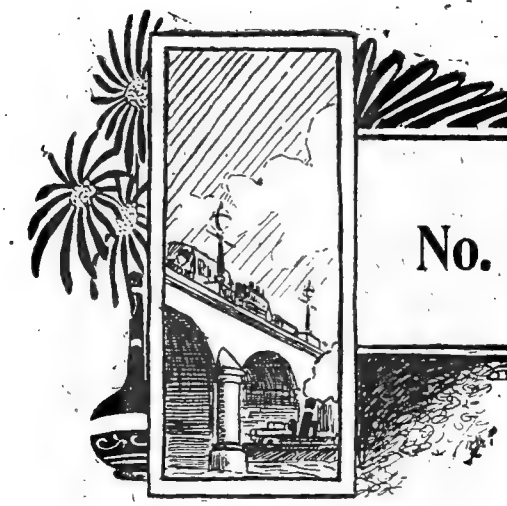

No. 3 PELICAN PLACE.

ALTOGETHER an unmistakable bit of old-world London. You might very well have missed it, the entrance to it from the main road being alike narrow and unnoticeable. Few, even town-bred people, knew of its existence, while its inhabitants had (and, so far as can be known, still have) about them that pleasantly curious air of other-day life; that quiet, peaceful, almost dreamy personality, redolent of faded rose leaves, spindled-legged furniture, sampler-work, and the tambour frame.

The houses in Pelican Place are, outwardly speaking, in every respect akin to their tenants.

Plain dwellings they are, of dark, weather-stained brick, the quaintest feature of their whole quaint appearance being the doorways. Overhanging each of these is a semi-circular wood canopy, beautifully carved, while in some instances the side posts are exquisitely wrought fluted pilasters of the same material.

The "Place" is a *cul-de-sac*, the four houses at the extreme end being slightly elevated upon a sort of platform, access to which is by four flights of steep stone steps.

Each small flagged courtyard is screened by an iron railing.

It is with the dwelling in the right hand corner of this block—No. 3—that we have now more particularly to do.

Thurza Dean lived here with her father, the blind organist of the neighbouring church of St. Ethelburga. They occupied the upper portion of the house, in the lower part living Hannah Stanesby, an elderly widow.

John Stanesby, her husband, had been dead nearly six months now, leaving her a legacy of loneliness and sorrow. Childless she was not, in the strict sense of the word, although so to all intents and purposes. A son, an only son she had, but whether he were now alive or dead, she knew not.

Six years before, he, then a lad of twenty, had quarrelled with his father, the result being that he left the house, completely disappearing out of his parents' life. From that day up to the time of his mother's widowhood, no word or sign had he made, until Hannah had come to mourn him as only a mother can mourn for the son of her love.

As boy and girl, Ned Stanesby and Thurza Dean, had grown up almost side by side. Together had they studied, played and wrangled, no man forbidding them. Many a battle had doughty Ned fought for the protection and honour of his little friend.

As years went by, and the so-called discretionary ones were well in sight, they became more reserved and constrained in their relations one with another. At any rate, Thurza did.

This state of things lasted until one day, under the leafy shade of one of the great trees in Kensington Gardens, Ned told the old, old story. Both young, they yet deemed themselves old enough to know their own minds, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Possibly, the course of true love might have elected to run smoothly, but for two unfortunately opposing reasons.

One Bartley Hunt, a nephew of Hannah's, and by no means a good friend of Ned's, had also designs of his own upon Thurza's heart and hand. It was, therefore, with feelings of intense chagrin, ill-disguised, that he saw Ned so unmistakably preferred to himself. By nature an unscrupulous schemer, he cast about him how he might, Jacob-wise, supplant his cousin.

With his aunt and uncle he stood fairly well, with the latter especially, old John openly admiring his successful business plodding. In this respect was Bartley in marked contrast to Ned, who loved to saunter through life upon the sunny side, taking the good as it came, and good-humouredly hanging his responsibilities upon the nearest and most convenient shoulder.

Still, for all this, was Ned was a lovable chap—more than could be truthfully said of his rival. Fair-haired, tall and broad he was, with his ready smile and happy disposition, a lad formed to win the average maiden's heart. And Thurza was far above the average maiden, both in body and soul. Like her lover she was fair, but with the large dark eyes which, so they say, go to make perfect beauty.

Unlike Ned, however, she was small, daintily so, and still more unlike him, in that she had an innate and firm sense of duty. Blind she was not to Ned's undeniable faults, but she was gently kind to them, in the hope that some day she would be able to win him to steadfastness of purpose, all for love of herself.

The other disturbing element in their little love drama was the attitude of old John Stanesby towards Thurza's father. He was possessed of an unreasoning dislike for the blind organist.

To himself he could not explain it, further than that he "despised" (so he said) "a man who earned his living by grinding tunes for other fools to listen to." This dislike, while it did not actually include Thurza, unconsciously had its natural effect in causing John to regard the girl with no more than the ordinary feelings of neighbourliness. It was with Hannah that Thurza, her-

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self motherless almost from her birth, made common cause, the two being fast friends.

Maybe it was their love for this same scapegrace Ned that so bound them together, although in any case it is easy to imagine an affectionate interchange between the younger and the elder woman.

Briefly then, Bartley Hunt determined upon treachery, a course of action not altogether unfamiliar to him. Aware of old John's prejudices, he sought to turn them to his own purposes by a crafty insinuation as to the true position of affairs between Thurza and Ned.

Obstinate at all times, and stiff-necked to a degree, the old man was roused by Bartley's insidious suggestions to tax Ned with the fact of the engagement, winding up his tirade with the bitter expression of his determination to prevent by every means in his power the marriage of his son to Eli Dean's daughter.

His arguments were illogical, his manner intemperate, and Ned, whose filial affection went largely into the "mother scale," first of all hotly repudiated his father's right to coerce him in any way, and then, the quarrel reaching a point where a peaceable settlement was impossible, went away in a rage.

All this was soon known to Bartley Hunt, the string-puller, who forthwith proceeded, though with judicious caution, and a politic waiting that did credit, at least, to his knowledge of human nature, to make himself an almost necessary figure in the daily life at No. 3.

There was no blustering persecution of the object of his love. Thurza would immediately have resented that. Rather did he by a patient, untiring devotion, seek to break down the barriers of her disinclinations for his society. Ned's departure without a word of farewell of any kind, he diplomatically employed as a strong argument in his own favour.

This inexplicable neglect of Ned's to give her his confidence before taking the irrevocable step, had hurt her. The clay of the idol had peeped out from beneath the robe her own love had woven round it.

To Hannah alone could she look for any real support in the struggle. His mother must believe in him, selfish, headstrong though he might have been.

By Hannah's side Thurza felt strong in her resolve to leave her heart in Ned's keeping whatever might happen or wherever he might be. But, oh! that ceaseless dropping of the water of persistence upon the stone of mind and will. The latter must wear away; it is a law of our nature, as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians.

As time went on Bartley became more and more assured in his manner towards his victim.

He assumed in her presence a protective air, and that as by right. Like a bird under the fascinating gaze of its would-be captor, Thurza felt bit by bit her resolution giving way, her loyalty to Ned becoming, even against her will, weaker every hour.

Then came John Stanesby's death, hastened, so Bartley Hunt did not hesitate to whisper, by his son's disobedience and desertion.

The loss of his ally quickened the schemer's movements.

"Thurza," he said one day, "don't you think I deserve my reward?"

He had met her by accident, alone, in the "Gardens," near the old tree, so full of memories for her.

"Reward—what reward?" she wearily answered him. "I've nothing to give; you know I've nothing to give."

"Thurza, haven't I been patient, these six years nearly now? Can there be any doubt in your mind as to what I want to repay me for the long waiting? Won't you marry me, dear, and soon?"

She shivered, although the day was warm and sunny.

"What do you want of me—love? I haven't got that to give. If you want this," holding out her hand, "perhaps you ought to have it, now that you have pleaded so long for it."

"Is that all, Thurza! only the hand? isn't your heart to come with it?"

For an instant he feared he had made a mistake, as in her eyes a momentary gleam of strange, unwonted fierceness flashed and disappeared.

"All! if I were to promise you more I should be telling an untruth. Go away now; don't follow me; I want to be alone."

He had to be content; anyway it was victory; it would be his own fault could he not improve it, and in the end reap the full reward.

* * * * *

At this time the war in South Africa was working to a close. Men had lately heard of the gradual drawing in of the net which should enmesh the straggling guerilla chiefs and their followings, and so end the protracted struggle.

It was on the day when Lord Roberts' dispatch, announcing the annexation of the Transvaal, reached England, that a sober little wedding party stood before the altar of St. Ethelburga's. The man and the woman come there to plight their troth looked, both of them, as unlike happy bride and groom as could well be.

Bartley Hunt has taken his wife from her father's hand; the blind man has groped his way to the organ-loft, to break out a while later into the glorious Wedding March, when the clink of spurs, together with a swinging, military tread is heard coming up the centre aisle.

The ceremony is over and all heads are turned to see a tall, stalwart figure in the undress uniform of a troop sergeant-major of a regiment of Hussars making his way towards the little party at the east end of the church.

It is Thurza who first recognises him. Deathly pale she withdraws her hand from that of her husband. Hannah, who now, too, knows her son, who stands silent, his eyes fixed on Thurza, goes over to him, and places two trembling, withered hands upon his arm.

Gently, very gently he removes them, and moves a step nearer to the central pair.

The face, bronzed almost out of knowledge, is not the face of old, inasmuch as it is now contemptuously and grimly stern. Then for a second his features relax somewhat, and take on a tender, wistful look, his eyes never wandering from the face of his lost love.

The attempted word-picture has been infinitely longer in the painting than was the incident itself in the enacting.

The look given. Ned!—Sergeant Ned!—Scapegrace Ned! brought himself smartly to attention; firmly placed his mother's arm within his own.

"They told me in the 'Place,'" he said quietly, "when I could make no one hear at No. 3. I wish you joy. Come, mother."

Turning upon his heel he departed the way he came.

* * * * *

Upon September 6th, 1900, the following appointment was gazetted:

"Troop Sergeant-Major Edward Stanesby, late 11th Hussars, invalided from South Africa, to be barrack master at Winchester."

RALPH ENDERBY.

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HIS MASTERPIECE.

"ANOTHER failure?"

The words were uttered in a tone denoting inquiry, sarcasm and disappointment. The speaker was pretty, we might say beautiful; a woman of twenty-five and in the full enjoyment of health.

Those who can read character in the face would have said that she was capable of deep feelings, whereas the casual observer would have regarded her as vain and capricious, with which qualities more or less selfishness is combined.

In reality, both judgments were correct; it required some crisis to provoke the profound emotions.

The words had been addressed to her husband, a man about twelve months her senior. He was one of those men who are generally described as "of good address;" he was attractive enough in appearance to win the smiles of the fair sex, but possibly the most noticeable feature of Arnold Brassey was his great confidence in his ultimate success. He would make a fortune and a name—at some future time; of that he was quite certain, and the belief made him speak on the subject with such assurance that other people were led to believe the same. Yet this was not a mere boastfulness; he was a capable man as a journalist, and his expressions of confidence in final success were innocent of all intention to deceive.

In his hand he held a letter, just arrived, telling him that a certain firm of publishers regretted that they were unable to see their way to bring out a certain novel which he had submitted to them and informing him that the manuscript was at his disposal. Arnold did not care to remember the exact number of similar disappointments that had fallen to his lot during the three years of his married life; he had tried his hand at plays, novels and collections of essays, but all to no purpose. He had nearly broken down in health through overwork, but it seemed as if fate had decreed that he must remain in his present obscure position.

But he had a double disappointment to bear, for the attitude of his wife cut him to the quick. She had been waiting for the success of which he had so confidently spoken during their courtship—waiting for it because of the increased pleasures and comfort it would bring to her; and now it seemed farther off than ever, she was getting tired and was reproaching him instead of sympathizing with and encouraging him.

"I shall try again," returned Arnold, trying to show no resentment at the tone in which his wife had spoken. "I shall succeed, and then these productions of mine which have been refused will be sought after and landed to the skies. Don't be vexed, Nellie; we shall forget these troubles in the bright future."

But he spoke with less enthusiam, less confidence, than ever before.

Mrs. Brassey shrugged her shoulders with as much expressiveness as any French woman could have done.

"I am tired of this waiting for what doesn't come," she replied pettishly. "If I had known, I should not have——"

She stopped abruptly.

An almost imperceptible shiver passed through Arnold's frame; the significance of this unfinished sentence was clear to him.

She had married him quite as much for the position which she hoped he would give her as for love of him—perhaps more so.

He loved this woman with all his heart and would have been content with the proverbial cottage and crusts, provided that he had her love; but she was looking for gaiety and pleasures which he had not given to her.

"It must come soon, dear," he said appealingly.

But she was vexed too deeply to think of the effect of her words upon him. During the past few days her pride and her vanity had been sorely wounded by what she had read and heard of the doings of society, and her heart was full of bitterness.

"It will never come," she cried bitterly. "You do not possess talent to produce a masterpiece. You will never make a name!"

She quitted the room, and Arnold was left to reflect on the past and the present. His mind wandered back to the time of their engagement; the happy hours they had passed together in rural lanes and bye-ways, by the sea and at home; then the happiness of the first month of their married life came to him with startling and almost painful vividness.

How they had looked forward to the bright times when he should have made a name! And how different everything seemed now! He groaned aloud, for he felt that there was at least a grain of truth in Nellie's last words; if he really had talent, would it not have shown itself by this time—would he not have forced his way to the front?

Well, she wanted more pleasure; she wished to go about and see life; he would try and gratify her wishes.

His present resources would not warrant such expenditure, but he could borrow—his credit was good—and he would give her what she desired, trusting to good luck to enable him to meet his liabilities later on. He did not stop to reflect on the honesty of this course; he did not wish to think about it.

Summer was beginning and Arnold, changing his

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tactics by degrees in order not to arouse suspicion in the minds of his wife and other people, gradually "launched out," as he termed it. He took his wife to one of the most fashionable watering places and put up at the best hotel, leaving her for a day or so at a time in order to return to town for work. From there they went to another similar sea-side resort, and so on all through the summer Nellie was gratified by a constant round of gaiety.

Returning to town, he succeeded in obtaining access to some of the principal society functions, thanks to the good offices of a wealthy gentleman engaged in company promoting and other lucrative businesses, and this in return for having obtained the publication of that gentleman's portrait and career in a society paper.

Mrs. Blair, the wife of the company promoter, took a fancy to Nellie, so that the latter was often included in invitations while her husband remained at home or at work.

"You're not such a bad sort of a husband, after all!" said Mrs. Brassey playfully to Arnold on one occasion. "I have had a splendid time lately."

"I am glad that you are happy, dear," was Arnold's quiet reply. But his face clouded as he turned from her; the weight of debt was pressing upon him and as yet he had found no means of freeing himself.

A disquieting rumour came to Arnold; his wife was more often out without him than with him, and he heard that marked attention was being paid to her by a man of position.

This was not disquieting to him from one point of view, for he had implicit faith in Nellie's inherent goodness, but it caused him a bitter pang to know that the society of some other man was more attractive than his own to his wife.

He thought of going to some function without her knowledge and watching her to see if rumour had spoken truly, but he found Nellie frequently mentioning this man in her chatter after her return or whenever she recounted her doings.

It was true, then! She was drifting away from him; only the bond of marriage kept her from forgetting him.

She came home from a theatre late one night and settled herself in an easy chair in order to give him an idea of the play; she was very tired and she dropped asleep.

Her talk had been more about Mr. and Mrs. Blair and Mr. Anthony than about the drama, and as Arnold looked at the sleeping figure he remembered that she had not expressed the least regret at his not being present.

He buried his face in his hands, and, in spite of himself, the tears came into his eyes—tears of vexation and bitterness at his failure to write something really good as well as at his failure to retain the love of his wife.

He could not endure this mortification; he felt that he must take up his pen and write something—anything! Why was it that he could not produce a novel or a play good enough even to be accepted? A kind of rage seized him; he pushed back his chair, brought the ink and some sheets of paper to the table, sat down and began to write feverishly, scarcely knowing what he did. The paroxysm passed away after a few minutes' work; he read in a calmer mood what he had written, and found that he had begun a play based on his own life. He took up the pen again and continued; his whole soul now seemed to be flowing out with the ink from his pen.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Nellie, opening her eyes and looking about her. "If I haven't been asleep in this chair ever so long! You are up and at work very early, Arnold, aren't you?"

"Yes; I have some work to do which must be done," was the brief answer vouchsafed by her husband as he put the sheets together and locked them in the drawer.

Two or three times during the next few days Nellie found that her husband had been up early in the morning in order to work; this excited very little curiosity on her part, for she was enjoying the pleasures of the winter season, and when in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Blair and the ever present Mr. Anthony she scarcely gave a thought to what her husband might be doing.

Time passed on and Mrs. Brassey arranged to accompany her friends to the theatre to witness the first performance of a new drama, which, according to certain paragraphs in the newspapers, was likely to draw crowded houses.

It was a study of life, a drama of the emotions, and promised to be thrilling. The author's name was also new to the public; nobody had ever heard of Mr. H. Shiner.

Across Nellie's mind there flashed a thought that her husband's masterpiece still remained unwritten, yet here was a man—a novice—able to write a play that was good enough for one of the best theatres; but she dismissed the thought quickly, as she had no complaint to make now that he was enabling her to go about as she desired.

The house was crowded and the audience waited impatiently for the play of the evening to begin. Nellie Brassey was an occupier of a box with her friends the Blairs and Mr. Anthony.

She had not betrayed any particular interest in the forthcoming drama, and almost yawned as the curtain went up; but after the first few words a curious expression appeared on her face and she became all attention. What were the words to which she was listening?

They carried her back to the time when Arnold and she were lovers; it seemed that the speeches uttered by the two chief characters were those of Arnold and herself. Yes, this was her own life which was being unrolled before her!

As the play proceeded, all doubt on that point vanished. In a dazed fashion she followed the drama; first the courtship—how happy it had been, she thought; then the married life and the growing discontent of the wife at the non-production of the great work that was to bring fortune to them, and the final taunt about her husband's incapacity. So much was familiar to her, but the rest was new.

The author touched but lightly on the further doings of the wife; but dwelt on the effects of that taunt upon the husband. He painted in thrilling words the agony of the journalist in the inward struggle between two courses—that of utter abandonment and that of gallant endeavour; he made the husband cry for the love and sympathy and help which were denied to him, but which he had a right to expect. Then came the design of writing his own career. The audience were told the inmost thoughts of the tortured husband and his final triumph. Nellie did not know how the play ended, for by this time her thoughts rendered it impossible for her to follow the dialogue.

She heard, as at a distance, the plaudits of the audience and the calls for the author; she knew that he came timidly before the curtain, keeping near the side,

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but she did not look. She knew who the author was, and she dared not meet his eyes.

It was a revelation to her; she knew now how Arnold had suffered while she had been enjoying "life." Life! The word seemed a mockery in the light of her present knowledge. How did her existence during the past year compare with what it might have been had she acted the wife's part and stood by her husband's side? Yet she had nearly driven him to destruction.

She was aroused by the rising of her friends as they prepared to depart.

Mr. Anthony offered his arm as a matter of course, but she politely declined.

"I am sorry that I cannot accept your escort to-night, Mr. Anthony," she said firmly. "My husband will escort me home."

"Your husband!"

The tone of surprise and sarcasm with which the words were uttered stung her deeply; she flushed a little as she remembered that she had brought this upon herself, but she replied in the same firm voice.

"Yes. Mr. Shiner is the assumed name under which my husband has written this play. I shall meet him at the stage-door unless he meets me before I can get there."

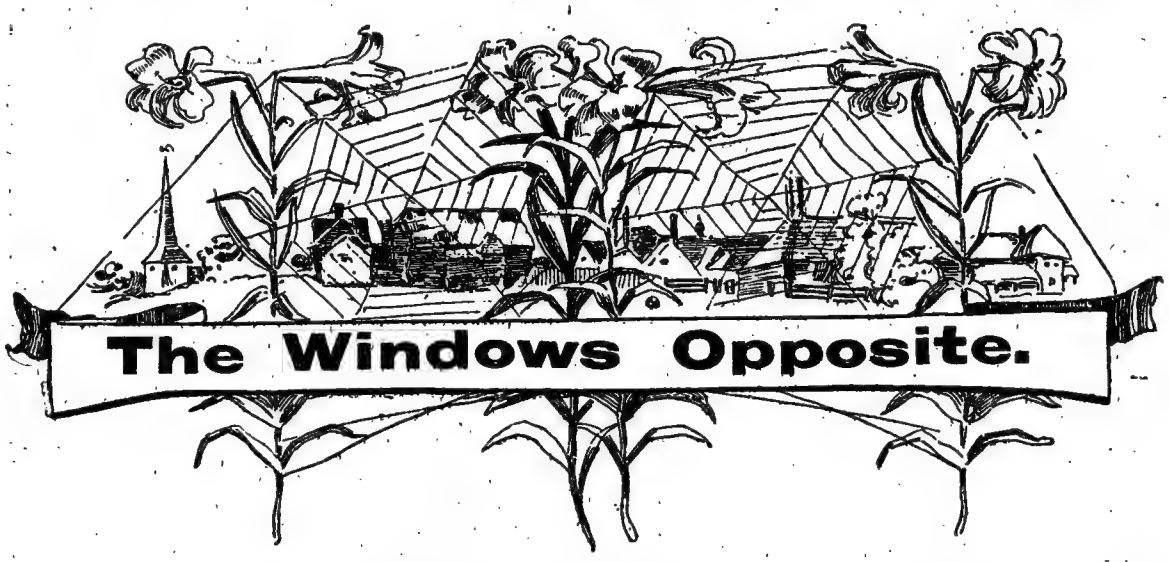
When she saw Arnold, her courage failed and she stood before him as one awaiting a verdict.

In spite of the presence of others, he went up to her and kissed her, for the look on her face told him the truth.

"Forgive me, Arnold," she intreated in whisper. "I have been—"

But he interrupted the sentence with another kiss and she was happy.

E. LINGEN.



The Windows Opposite.

I HAD been knocked down by a cab in the streets of Paris and taken to a hospital. I was hurt about the head and shoulders, and, though I had no broken bones to mend, I was so badly bruised that the doctor told me I wouldn't get out for a month. Hard up though I was in a financial sense, I had enough money in my pocket to get me into a pay ward, and they gave me one of the fourteen cots on the third floor front. It was summer, and I was close to the seventh window counting from the left.

The routine of a hospital for an injured man is a monotonous one. After the first three or four days they put me on full diet and gave me books to read, but I could not leave my bed, and it was against the rules to converse with the other patients. It was read, sleep, think and plan, with one visit a day from the doctor. I could not see the street from my window as I sat propped up in my cot. The only sight to greet my vision was a quaint old house opposite. The structure was two storeys high, and I could see the upper halves of four windows. The house looked very old and was in a sad state of neglect and untenanted. I don't know why I should have been interested in that house except that a sick man will turn to the veriest trifle to make a diversion, I saw by the state of the windows that the house was tenantless, and yet I had the curiosity to question the nurse about it.

"That house has been empty for years," she replied, "and as the estate is in Chancery it will probably fall down before the heirs come into possession. You cannot see so far down, but the lower doors and windows are boarded up to keep tramps out. I have often wondered if the place has not a ghost."

I fell into the habit of watching those four windows as closely as if I had been employed as a watchman. It seemed that if I waited long enough I should see a face at one of them. When evening came, there was an electric light somewhere which caught the front of the old house, and I would watch those windows until the nurse enjoined me to turn away and go to sleep.

It got so at last that I felt certain of making a discovery, and one evening, when I had been in the hospital nine or ten days, the face I had looked for appeared at one of the middle windows. It was that of a man.

The window was a hundred and fifty feet from me, but by the assistance of the electric light I made out the face very clearly. It came into view gradually, as if the man slowly advanced across the room, and it remained at the paneless sash for a full minute. It was the face of an evil man. It was dark and bearded and the eyes travelled up and down and across the street as if looking for danger. Whoever the man was

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he was no tramp, nor had he a lawful right in the house. As he left the window I called to the nurse and told her of his presence, but she laughed and replied:

"Ah, but we are not to concern ourselves about what goes on over there. If it is some prowler who has broken in, the police must take care of him."

I now had something to occupy my full attention, and I gave up everything to watch the windows opposite. Nothing appeared next day, but at about half-past eight o'clock in the evening I saw the same face again. There was more boldness in the way the man approached the window, and he seemed to feel himself more secure as he surveyed the street. If he were not a fugitive in hiding, why should he be taking peeps at the neighbourhood? A vagabond, having entered to obtain shelter for the night, would keep clear of the windows. On this second night the man seemed to be looking intently at the footpath running in front of the hospital, and by-and-bye he started and turned away as if he had received some signal. When the nurse came, I told her of the incident. She was as much amused as before.

"You certainly have a mind for mysteries," she laughed, "but if you become too interested you will develop a fever and have a relapse. When you are able to leave us, you can tell the police about the man, who will probably turn out to be a shadow."

I gave the windows but little attention in the daytime after that. The face appeared on the third evening at the same hour, and I felt so sure that a confederate made signals from the pavement that I took a convalescent into my confidence. He was an old soldier who was being treated for an old wound and was allowed the run of the place. I told him of the face and the confederate, and he was interested at once. It was arranged that he should be in front of the hospital at half-past eight and watch for the confederate, and luck attended him. He saw a well-dressed but evil-looking man make signals to the man at the window. The signals were made with a folded newspaper and would not have been noticed by any one not on the watch for them.

"Now then," said the old soldier as he returned and reported, "we have a mystery. Luck has thrown it in our way that we may make a few goldpieces. Let us work it out together and share the reward."

None of us in the ward had seen a newspaper for a week. They were not forbidden, but none of the patients seemed to care for outside news. Next morning the soldier went out and purchased the papers for the previous five or six days, and as we looked them over we found a sensation. A boy ten years old, the son of a rich iron founder, had been kidnapped and spirited away, and it was stated that the whole police force of Paris was on the *qui vive*. The kidnapping had taken place three days before I saw the face at the window, and I was arguing that our mystery could have nothing to do with it when the soldier said:

"It is at least twelve miles from here where the lad was picked up. He was probably hidden somewhere else for a day or two, but the scent got so hot that he was moved. Don't you fear that he is not in the old house opposite at this very moment."

"Then we should inform the police."

"Pooh! We must wait for a reward to be announced. Never slap luck in the face."

On the fourth night and the fifth night the face appeared at the window at the usual hour, and the same man made the usual signals. As the police were yet at fault, those signals must have meant that things were all right for the kidnappers. It was now eight days since the boy had been taken, and as no trace could be had of him it was believed that he had been killed or taken out of the country. The papers gave it to the police pretty hot, and it was intimated that the father was ready to pay almost any sum to have his child restored.

"Now we are coming nearer to it," said the old veteran. "What the kidnappers have been waiting for is the reward, but we must be ahead of them. You have some money, but I have none. You must give me enough to take me across Paris to the father."

It had come to be understood in our corridor that we had some scheme, but we refused to answer any questions. The soldier started off one morning, and before noon he was holding an interview with the father of the abducted boy. The distracted man was willing to give his last franc, but the soldier stopped at 20,000.

He got a promise in writing that he should be paid that sum when the boy was delivered up, and then he went to the police to find if there was a reward for any particularly desperate character. There was. It was believed in police circles that the kidnappers were two escaped convicts, and there was a reward of 10,000 francs on the head of either. When it had been agreed to give him half the reward, the veteran gave our mystery away. The police waited until evening and then caught the confederate in the street after he had signalled his "All right." Half-an-hour later they surrounded the old house, broke their way in and not only found the other convict, but found the kidnapped boy a prisoner in one of the rooms. The lad had been fairly well treated, but had been closely guarded every hour since he had come into the man's hands. He had seen only that one man and had been told that he would be set at liberty when his father had paid 250,000 francs as a reward.

The old soldier divided fairly with me, and we were not only enriched by the double reward, but were the means of returning to custody two as desperate criminals as ever broke bars. It was considered an incomprehensible thing in the hospital, and the doctor, nurse and fellow patients were never tired of saying:

"How strange! You lie in your bed and look at the windows of an old house over the way, and lo, there come 15,000 francs rolling in to you."

C. B. LEWIS.

COOK (to policeman): "How neatly you carve that leg of mutton!" Then with a sudden outburst of jealousy: "I believe you have deceived me! I am not your first love."

"I SAY, Pat, did you count all those pigs?"

"Every mother's son of them except one."

"And why did you not count him?"

"Arrah, then, sir, but he was so frisky and ran so much about I couldn't do it at all, at all."

TEACHER: "Johnny, how many different kinds of force are there?"

Johnny: "Three kinds."

Teacher: "Name them."

Johnny: "Bodily force, mental force, and the police force."

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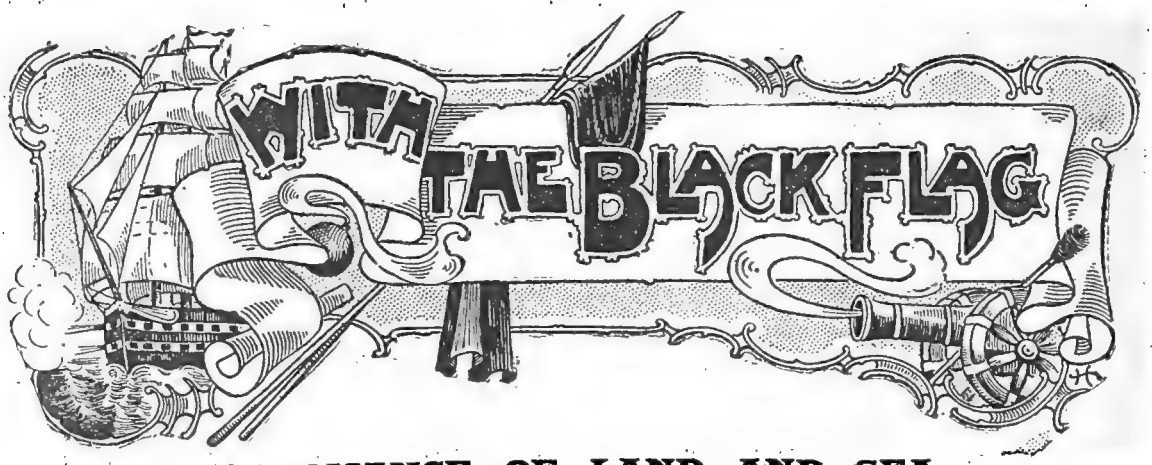

A ROMANCE OF LAND AND SEA.

By WILLIAM WESTALL.

Author of "With the Red Eagle," "The Phantom City," "Nigel Fortescue," etc., etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Major Wyvenhoe, commander of an expedition which went out from England to help the Venezuelans in their struggle for liberty.
Captain Cautley, who is in charge of the ship which took the expedition out.
John Ready, the servant of Wyvenhoe.
General Ariamendez, ex-Governor of Pampatar and Vice-President of the Venezuelan Republic.
Don Iago Santleo, a friend of Wyvenhoe.
General Urdenetta, Governor of Pampatar, a bitter enemy of Wyvenhoe.
Bolivar, Supreme Chief of the Venezuelan Republic.
Tamanac, an Indian Cazique, and great friend of Santleo.
Master Wyvenhoe, the leading man at Manoa.

CHAPTER XX.

At Manoa.

The Manoeros were evidently of mixed blood, European and Indian, yet though many had the lank hair, and other characteristic features of the aborigines of the land, the complexions even of the most coppery were comparatively light, and not a few were as white as Rosalind, Santley and myself.

Some combined the characteristics of the two races, all were well-proportioned and none ill-looking, the men muscular and powerful, the girls agile and graceful with beautifully rounded arms, and exquisitely moulded hands, ankles, and feet to match.

On the other hand, some of them had rather large mouths and thin lips, but these defects were amply atoned for by the abundance of their hair and the pearly whiteness of their teeth, which, as the young ladies were rather given to mirth, were often displayed.

But the company who came to meet me and the people whom I saw in the village might be the pick of the basket. I had still to see the common folk.

The houses were scattered about in picturesque irregularity, without regard to present or future streets and roads, and as all were single-storied and each had its own garden, the village occupied a good deal of ground.

Wood and sun-dried mud, or bricks, were the building materials of Manoa, the smaller dwellings were oblong or square, the larger arranged round a patio or court, Venezuelan fashion, but the place was far cleaner and more orderly than any Venezuelan village or town I had seen, and the people had an air of prosperity and gaiety which greatly pleased me.

They were of a kindly nature, too, and hospitable. I had to shake hands with everybody, and was introduced to all the chief men, whose names struck me as being in strange contrast with the circumstances and the locality. Among them were Gifford, Thynne, Clark, Cross, Faey, Farrar, Upton and Connock with all of which I had been familiar from my earliest youth, for were they not the names of Gilbert Wyvenhoe's companions as set down in the relation of his travels and adventures? I could almost believe they still lived, and that the next surprise in store for me would be meeting them in the flesh.

The judge invited me to his house, observing that it was his right to entertain me, and that he claimed it both as his duty and a privilege. I accepted the invitation, as the saying goes, with both hands, for he had been very kind and Rosalind's eyes were very bright.

Master Wyvenhoe's house was one of the largest in the village, a house of many rooms, with a patio, a verandah and a spacious garden. His wife, still a fine woman, was obviously of Spanish descent, though how any lady of that race had found her way to Manoa passed my comprehension.

She had two other daughters, Diana and Beatrice, only a shade less fair than Rosalind, and a stalwart son. All spoke English, my hostess with a slight accent, and somehow or somewhere the young people had picked up a few modern phrases, and their manner of speech was less quaint than their father's.

I had no sooner made myself as presentable as the absence of my kit permitted than supper was served in the verandah, to which an appetite, sharpened by that tremendous climb, enabled me to do ample justice; a very good supper, soup, boiled fowl, venison, yams, plantains, bananas, maize cakes and palm wine. For plates we had trenchers, the spoons and forks were made of wood, the drinking vessels of the rinds of gourds, cutlery seemed scarce.

Nevertheless we had an enjoyable meal, and it had been more so, save for one circumstance. The girls waited, which did not comport with my idea of the fitness of things.

It was, of course, very pleasant to have Rosalind standing behind my chair and helping me to this or that, and I think she divined how highly I appreciated her ministrations, and how much rather I would have ministered to her.

Supper over, the ladies withdrew and we three men pre-

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pared to smoke, but as this was not exactly what I wanted. I remarked that it was the custom in England for gentlemen to join the ladies, or be joined by them, after the evening meal.

"We have the same custom here when only members of the family are present," replied the judge gravely as he filled his pipe.

"Do me the favour to consider me a member of the family, as in a sense I am, being in some sort your kinsman," I said.

On which Master Wyvenhoe laughed genially and bade a servant call the ladies, who came, smiling pleasantly, and when the old man told them that I insisted on being treated as a member of the family they smiled all the more and drew their low wicker chairs up to the hammock in which the judge and I were sitting. But for a while the lasses, though they looked bright and alert, said little or nothing, not out of shyness or diffidence, but because, as I learnt afterwards, it was the custom in Manoa for young people, especially young girls, to refrain from offering remarks until their elders had had their say.

Moreover, all were more eager to listen than to talk, and Master Wyvenhoe set the ball rolling by asking me as many questions as would have taken a whole day fully to answer. He wanted, first of all, to know why I had come to America, next a detailed narration of my voyage thither and subsequent adventures, then a full, true and particular account of the Wyvenhoes from the earliest period of their history to the present time, and a few other things.

This was both alarming and disconcerting, the more so as my curiosity touching Manoa and the Manoeros had increased rather than diminished, and I was eager to learn their history. So I proposed a compromise, saying that after I had given an account of the English Wyvenhoes I hoped he would kindly reciprocate by giving me an account of the American branch of the family, and how his ancestor Walter Wyvenhoe, and the other adventurers had discovered Manoa. Then I added:

"Don't you think that would be fair, Mistress Rosalind?"

They all seemed rather surprised at this appeal, but the young lady answered readily:

"Quite fair, kinsman, but if it pleases you I would liefer hear your answers than your questions."

"Well said," exclaimed her father, "only fair is fair——"

"And I shall be more than fair; I will answer two questions to your one," quoth I, and on this condition the bargain was made.

What I said I need not repeat, I shall set down merely the gist of what I gathered from Master Wyvenhoe then and afterwards, as touching the various things about which I most desired information; and being the custodian of the record wherein the first colonist had given an account of themselves and their adventures he could tell the tale better than anybody else.

After parting with Gilbert Wyvenhoe they continued their quest, being sustained in the hope of finding El Dorado as much by the stories heard from the Indians, many of whom believed in the existence of some such place, as by their own infatuation, wandering hither and thither, scaling mountains, struggling through forests and morasses making long detours to avoid enemies, and often in conflict with Spaniards and unfriendly natives.

Luckily, however, the latter were few, for the wanderers, knowing that their only chance of saving their lives and reaching their goal was to conciliate the Indians, spared no pains to this end, on several occasions making common cause with them against their oppressors.

Whenever the adventurers tarried long in a place the Spaniards were sure to get wind of them; more than once they were hotly pursued and escaped destruction only by the goodness of Providence. So they kept moving on—either by chance or the overlooking of Providence, ever westward—until, at length, they found themselves in the very heart of the Continent, and within sight of the Cordillera of the Andes.

It was very pleasant to have Rosalind standing helping me to this or that.

By this time they had quite lost their reckoning and abandoned all hope of finding Manoa. Their only thought was of returning to England. But how? Those whom they had left in charge of their three ships, hidden in a creek of the Orinoco, the *Bold Venture*, the *Good Intent* and the *Virgin Queen*, had doubtless (despairing of their return) either sailed away or been taken by the Spaniards.

Moreover, to regain the coast by retracing their steps seemed impossible, the distance, by their computation, being not much less than two thousand miles; half their number had perished by the way, and the survivors, weary, footsore, sick and discouraged, desiring nothing so much as a long rest in some region where the natives were kind and the Spaniards unknown. Afterwards, they would try to gain the Pacific coast where, with Heaven's help they might peradventure find a means of returning to England.

So with this intent they pushed on, and finally lighted on the place which eventually became their home.

The Indians in possession were of a higher type than any whom they had previously encountered, better looking, of a lighter hue, some being almost white, also more intelligent. At the outset the Huacos, as they called themselves, were hostile and suspicious, but on finding that the strangers desired to be friendly and did not belong to the hated race they laid aside their distrust and gave them of their best.

The Huacos came from the other side of the Andes, whence they fled to escape from the Spaniards, who had conquered their country and enslaved their people. Their great fear was that the Spaniards might discover their refuge and treat them in like manner, for which reason their Cazique besought the Englishmen to settle in the valley and help them to defend it against their enemies, offering as an inducement, land, wives, and cattle.

For a while the Englishmen hesitated. It was hard to renounce all hope of returning to their native land, but seeing that the countries through which they would have to

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In front and rear, and on both flanks, they were assailed by unseen foes.

travel, as also the entire Pacific coast, were in the hands of the enemy, getting back to England was well nigh, if not altogether, impossible.

Hence there seemed to be no choice; moreover, the valley was fertile, the climate delightful, and last, though perhaps not least, the Huaco women were comely, being even better looking than the men. So, moved by these considerations and thinking that if they went further they were likely to fare worse, the wanderers closed with the Cazique's offer, and as the place had no name they called it Manoa, since though it possessed neither cities of silver nor mountains of gold, it gave them what was far more precious, peace, plenty and freedom from care.

Yet the exiles could not forget their old home, and resolved from the first to remain as English as they might and take such measures as, they trusted, would prevent their descendants from becoming heathens or falling into savagery.

To this end they taught their wives and children English, refusing to hold converse with them in any other tongue. When the children grew up it was laid upon them as a command to teach their descendants in like manner, and as some of the Englishmen lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and were held in great honour, the learning of English became almost a sacred duty.

The settlers had brought with them a Bible and a Book of Common Prayer and three or four other books, out of which they used to read aloud for the instruction of their little ones by many of whom the art was acquired, as also a knowledge of writing. In this way English was kept up as the second mother tongue of the Manoeros, though it was spoken fluently only by the better educated, who were of course the better off, for even in this primitive community there were social distinctions.

Some men had prospered more than others, and these, being the abler, naturally took the lead, and the position which they won was maintained by their descendants.

Nevertheless, there was nothing like tyranny. The population was too limited for representative institutions, and office had become the appanage of certain families, among whom, as I gathered, there was occasionally no little rivalry.

My host was practically a dictator, solely however, by virtue of his personal and moral qualities. His decisions were accepted without demur. But "criminal business" he had none. Theft was unknown; in the absence both of poverty and money, there was no temptation to steal, and the people were besides too unsophisticated to be dishonest. It was all very simple and very patriarchal.

One of the colonists' first proceedings was to explore the mountain. The Cazique protested that it was impossible to get to the top, but some of their number were sailors, all were enterprising, and after divers abortive attempts they succeeded, and by right of first occupation and the Cazique's consent became the owners of the mountain where they took up their abode, greatly preferring it to the plain, for it was both a fortress and a fine estate.

They made the track described by the judge as being practicable for cattle, the Indians helped them to build huts, fell trees and sow crops, but they still kept and turned to good account the pastures in the plain which the Cazique had given them.

Their flocks and herds multiplied, they learnt the uses of the palm tree, and other contrivances; the Huacos, among whom were weavers and other artificers, made them garments, and so it came to pass that the Englishmen had everything they needed, though not all they desired; their greatest want being perhaps tools and iron, which were very scarce.

Yet they were never quite at ease, fearing that the Spaniards might hear of their presence in the country and come on them unawares; for though the mountain was impregnable, they had horses and cattle in the plain and were under a pledge to make common cause with the Huacos in the event of their being attacked.

The danger was undeniable and it behoved the settlers to make such preparations to meet it as they might. Firearms they possessed, but no gunpowder, and none was to be had; so, all having learnt archery in their youth, they made them long-bows and cloth-yard shafts tipped with iron wood, built butts and practised assiduously.

The Indians were also archers, archers, however, who poisoned their arrows, yet the Englishmen, much as they hated the Spaniards, refused to adopt so unmanly a device, for those wounded by these cruel missiles were seldom killed outright but died hours or, it might be, days, afterwards in great torment.

Three years after the wanderers' arrival in the valley what they had feared came to pass.

One day a Huaco, who had been hunting in the mountains, brought word that a strong force of Spaniards had been seen to the north.

This was enough.

Whether the news were true or not they must make ready, and as they had chosen a captain and decided beforehand on a plan of campaign, no time was lost in vain talk.

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The only opening into the valley from the north was through a pass so narrow that it could be traversed only in single file.

This the Englishmen and their Indian allies, Huacos and others, seized, blocked the mouth of it, loosened the rocks on either side, and lay in ambush along the heights and among the bushes.

When the last of the Spaniards had entered the trap the attack began.

In front and rear, and on both their flanks they were assailed by unseen foes. Arrows pierced them, rocks fell on them. They bore themselves bravely, but it was like fighting against Fate. All died except a poor remnant of the rear-guard, who escaped only to be killed by other enemies as they recrossed the Andes.

Whether the force was an ordinary exploring and surveying expedition, or directed especially against the Huacos and the Englishmen the latter never knew. Be that as it might, they had no further trouble of the sort, and only once were their descendants threatened with a similar danger, which they met as the first had been met and with a like result.

"You are not keeping your word, kinsman," interposed Rosalind.

This immunity they no doubt owed to the jealousy with which they kept from the outside world the fact of their existence and the whereabouts of their dwelling place. They could trust their Indian friends not to betray them, and when any of their young men, tiring of the sameness of their existence, wandered forth to see other lands they were required to take a solemn oath never to say or do aught, directly or indirectly, which might cause anybody to suspect that there existed such a place as Manoa or such a people as the Manoeros.

Some who went never came back, others returned with news, new ideas and books, by which better educated Manoeros set great store. Several brought Creole wives. It was in this way the judge had brought his wife.

Until Santley's return, he was the most travelled man in the community, having been to nearly every city on the Pacific coast, voyaged as far north as California and there fallen in with some "English" Americans, from whom he had learnt things that vastly surprised him, and who, I have no doubt, were equally surprised by his knowledge of their language, the quaintness of his speech and his ignorance of recent history. They gave him several English books, which were highly prized, and had been read in public meeting again and again.

Santley had gone forth with a companion, Edward Cross, visited Cartagena, Caracas, Jamaica, Trinidad and other places. When Santley joined the patriots Cross returned to Manoa. Some time afterwards Santley's father, who was well stricken in years, fearing he had not long to live, and desiring to see his son, sent his compadre, Tamanac, to seek him and bring him home, an undertaking in which, as we know, Tamanac succeeded.

"How about the sinews of war, in these cases?" I inquired. "Travel is costly and as I understand you have no money."

"But we have what answers the same purpose—gold," answered Master Wyvenhoe. "It is found in divers streams that run from these mountains eastward. Indians bring it to us in the shape of dust, for which we give them such articles as we produce and they lack. Some of our people are skilled in weaving, tanning, carving and turning and make many things which the Indians are glad to buy for gold, and of the gold we make rings and other trinkets with which we please our young women and some of our old ones do adorn themselves. Other use for the precious metal have we none, save to pay our wherewithal when we go abroad."

"So here nobody covets gold."

"At any rate, nobody has need of gold; iron is far more useful and almost as scarce. But we have found some ore and are beginning to smelt it. The English Americans I met in Mexico showed me how it was done. They were mining people."

I put it to the judge whether in the event of the patriots expelling the Spaniards it might not be well for the Manoeros to renounce their isolation and enter into friendly relations with the people of Columbia and Peru.

"No, no, that would not do at all. To my thinking 'twere better for Manoa to perish utterly than to pass under the yoke of priests and politicians. If we cannot live our own lives in our own way let us die."

"Well, you are perhaps right. It would be a great risk. But I don't quite understand what the priests have to do with it."

"We are not religious. They would try to convert us and that would breed trouble."

"Do you mean you have no religion?"

"Only the simple religion handed down to us by our forefathers; and what was good enough for them is good enough for us. We observe Sunday, and one or other of us reads passages from the Bible to all who are willing to hear, and exhorts them to fear God, and explains that fearing God means being honest, truthful and industrious, loving one another, and keeping the commandments."

"You have no rites and ceremonies, then?"

"None. I fear you will think us heathens. But it is possible to be very religious without being good. The Spaniards and Creoles are very religious. They go to mass every day. When I was at Lima I went every day, for nothing gives me so much pleasure as sacred music. It was glorious. When I heard the organ pealing and the choir chanting, and the gorgeously arrayed priests intoning,

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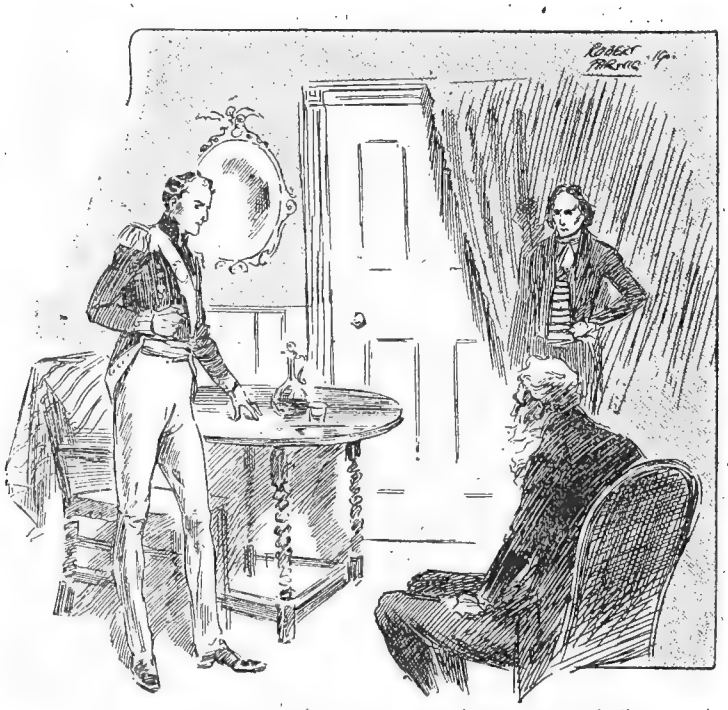
I felt as though I were in Heaven; but when I saw gangs of prisoners chained together in the streets, and heretics burnt at the stake, and political offenders garotted on the Plaza, I thought I was in Hades. Never in my life was I so rejoiced as when I got back to Manoa."

"I don't wonder, all the same——"

"You are not keeping your word kinsman," interposed Rosalind, to whom her mother had just made a whispered communication.

"Not keeping my word. That is a grave charge, Mistress Rosalind," quoth I in surprise.

"Nevertheless, true. You said that if my father answered you once you would answer him twice, yet you are asking continually and answering nothing."



I was about to bid my host good-night, when a strange feeling came over me.

"The charge is true, and I am afraid I have nothing to urge in my defence. All I can do is to plead guilty, and throw myself on the mercy of the court."

My compliment missed fire; the ladies had never heard of the graces, so I had to explain again, rather lamely, for I had forgotten their names, whereat the young ladies seemed somewhat disappointed, but by way of illustrating my explanation, and as I hoped, propitiating them, I quoted a line of Prior's which I happened to remember:

"The loves delighted and the graces played."

I had done better to let poetry alone.

"What are the loves?" queried Beatrice, a bright-eyed maiden of fourteen or fifteen summers.

"Why were they delighted?" demanded Diana.

"What did the graces play at?" asked Rosalind.

It would have been easier to say that I could not tell them for my attempted further explanation proved so disastrous a failure that I besought them to put me out of my misery by passing sentence forthwith.

On this the sisters put their pretty heads together, and after a whispered conference Rosalind announced my doom. For the remainder of the evening I was to answer questions and ask none.

"Very well," I said. "Who will begin?"

"My father, of course."

"Nay, you lassies must settle that among yourselves. I am not going to meddle," put in the judge.

"Diana is the eldest, let her begin."

"Oh, but I cannot, there are so many things I want to ask that I don't know what to ask first," exclaimed Diana helplessly.

"Beatrice, then."

"Give me one minute to think," said Beatrice.

"Never mind about thinking. Ask whatever may occur to you," quoth I.

"How old are you?"

It was now my turn to be taken aback, but I answered promptly, amid general laughter:

"Twenty-seven."

"Only twenty-seven! You look years older than that. Rosalind was the nearest, she guessed twenty-nine. I guessed thirty-three, Diana thirty-six."

"Don't let thy tongue run so fast, child," put in Rosalind chidingly—she was barely two years her sister's senior. "After so hard a journey our kinsman may well look older than his age. Moreover, thy question was unseemly."

"Thee ask him one then."

"May I, kinsman?"

"Of course. Am I not undergoing my punishment?"

"I hope you will not consider it a punishment to give us an account of your home. You said a little while ago that you had a place in the country. It would be very pleasant to hear more about it, how old it is, how large, what like, and whether it was built by one of your forefathers, who was perhaps one of ours, and whatever else you may like to tell us, for all of which we should be greatly beholden to you, should we not, father?"

"Thou art right, lass, we should," said the judge, and I responded to Rosalind's request with good will, for the way in which it was put pleased me even more than the theme she had chosen, and Wyvenhoe Court was the dearest spot to me in all the world.

When I had finished my description and answered several incidental questions, Mistress Wyvenhoe suggested that I must feel very tired and the judge declared it was bedtime. On which the ladies retired, and I was about to bid my host good night, when a strange uncanny feeling came over me, as though the ground under my feet were shivering.

"What is that?" I exclaimed.

"So you felt it, too! A sort of quiver, was it not?"

"Yes."

"It happens sometimes, though being so slight it is not perceived by everybody."

"What is it?"

"Nobody knows exactly. I believe it is occasioned by the river. When there has been heavy snow on Mount Lofty and, may be, heavy rain lower down, the river rises to a great height and the sudden rush of water——"

"Causes a vibration?"

"Yes, a slight vibration."

"Not a slight earthquake, you think?"

"We have no earthquakes here. Only that slight vibration caused by the river, which not one person in ten observes," said the judge rather sharply as though he were resenting an imputation on the fair fame of his beloved mountain. And, then we exchanged good-nights and betook ourselves to bed.

(To be continued.)

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY

FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION

£100 PRIZE AWARDED EVERY WEEK.

Result of Competition No. 2.

THE following six competitors sent in the correct results, and the prize of £100 has therefore been divided between them, each competitor receiving £16 13s. 4d:

W. Owens, 4 Pindar Street, Everton, Liverpool.
Mrs. J. W. Page, Ivy Bank, Wroxham, Norwich.
J. Auckland, 10 Beacon Street, Lichfield, Staffs.
David Gillespie, 12 Keir Street, Pollockshields, Glasgow.
D. Pope, 5 Vernon Place, Birkenhead.
T. W. Scurrell, 34 Brunswick Avenue, Beverley Road, Hull.

The football matches named below will be played on Saturday, November 10th. To the competitor from whom we receive the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. If no competitor gives all the results correctly, the HUNDRED POUNDS will be awarded to the person or persons most nearly correct.

FOOTBALL COUPON No. 5. Matches to be played on Saturday, November 10th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SATURDAY, NOV. 10TH.	Free	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
1 NOTTS FOREST v. 2 DERBY COUNTY																			
1 LIVERPOOL v. 2 ASTON VILLA																			
1 BLACKBURN ROVERS v. 2 SUNDERLAND																			
1 WEST BROMWICH ALB. v. 2 SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY																			
1 MANCHESTER CITY v. 2 NOTTS COUNTY																			
1 WALSALL v. 2 BURNLEY																			
1 SMALL HEATH v. 2 CHESTERFIELD																			
1 NEW BRIGHTON v. 2 LEICESTER FOSSE																			
1 WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. 2 NEWTON HEATH																			
1 QUEEN'S PARK RANG. v. 2 SOUTHAMPTON																			

The clubs engaged in each match are numbered 1 and 2. To fill in the above coupon, insert in the space provided the number of the club selected to win. To predict a draw, put X. THE FIRST COUPON IS FREE. A penny stamp must be inclosed for each coupon used in addition to the free one. Nine extra coupons may be used for Sixpence, and eighteen extra coupons for One Shilling.

I send in this coupon as a competitor for the prize advertised in this paper, and subject to the conditions printed on this page:

Name and address.....

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from "Pearson's Weekly" or "Short Stories."
2. All coupons must reach us not later than Friday, November 9th, first post.
3. Competitors should cut out the whole coupon, score it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "COUPON No. 5," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.
4. All coupons are at senders' risk, and if they go astray, from whatever cause, we do not accept responsibility.
5. Competitors must attach their private address to their attempts. No prize will be sent to any post-office, refreshment rooms, or other places at which letters are called for. Attempts bearing such addresses will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided.
7. Competitors may send in any number of attempts.
8. It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

Intending competitors in the above would do well to procure a copy of "The Football Who's Who," which contains valuable information and statistics showing the previous records of the various clubs, and the particulars of the points of about a thousand of the best known players. This book will be found of great service in determining the chances of the teams engaged. It only costs a shilling, and may be obtained of all booksellers, and post free for 1s. 3d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, W.C.

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SHORT STORIES ABOUT BABIES.

We devote, every week, two pages of *Short Stories* to pithy, humorous anecdotes similar to those which appear in these columns. A prize of £1 1s. will be sent to the reader who submits the best storyette this week, and a copy of "The Impudent Comedian," by F. Frankfort Moore, to each of those whose attempts are used. The anecdotes may be either original or selected; in the latter case the source *must* be stated. The prize of One Guinea offered for the best Storyette in this competition has been won this week by Mr. George Daniels, of 20 Princess Street, Accrington. Attempts this week must deal with Stories about SNAKES, and must reach the Storyette Editor, *Short Stories* Office, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Monday, November 12th. Post-cards only, please.

Baby's First Tooth.

A FEW months after the birth of a friend's baby the whole town was aroused one night by a terrible commotion at his house. He was leaning out of the window, shouting at the top of his voice and then he would brandish a revolver and fire it.

The police thought that burglars had entered his dwelling, and while they were bursting open the back door, a rumour spread that the house was on fire. The engine soon arrived, ladders were raised, and they commenced to play on it.

The policemen broke open the front door and rushed in, the owner of the house meeting them on the stairs.

"Come in—come right upstairs, gentlemen, and see it."

"See what?" inquired the Chief of the Police.

"Why, the baby's tooth. It's just cut one."

"But I thought burglars were in, or the house was on fire."

"I never said so," he replied. But that baby's tooth cost him a good round sum for damages and repairs.

G. D.

Wanted to Remedy the Mistake.

BOBBIE had long and earnestly desired a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits.

The answer to both wishes came on the same morning, but not in a manner satisfactory to Bobbie, for there were two baby brothers and only one white rabbit. Bobbie was greatly disgusted at the mistake.

The next day his father found the following notice tacked on the gatepost:

FOR SAIL
ONE NICE FAT BABY
OR
I WILL SWOP HIM FOR
A
WHITE RAB-BET.

A. B.

Improving the Landscape.

"PLEASE, mum, if the twins is asleep, will you let ma borrow your perambulator?"

"But you haven't any baby."

"No, mum; but there's a man comin' to photograph our house, and ma thinks the perambulator would look awful nice standin' in the front garden."

H. B. T.

"If I Were a Mother."

IT was washing-day, and Johnny, aged two, had been allowed to wander a little.

At dinner-time he returned, with his pockets dripping with pitch.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" said his mother, "I shall have to tell father of you."

Johnny eyed her tearfully and replied:

"Well, muvver, if I was a muvver and you were a naughty boy, I shouldn't tell father." S. A.

Securing an Encore.

IT was Fido's first bath, and with eyes bluer and rounder than the saucers in her doll's tea-service Baby Doris rapturously watched the process of soaping and laving, from which the pup emerged as white and spotless as driven snow.

Then, with her own tiny fingers she rubbed Fido down and wrapped him up in warm flannels, after which, with a pretty pretence of weariness she fell asleep by his side.

But not for long were her sweet baby eyes closed in slumber.

Happening to look out of the window a few minutes later, mother was horrified to see baby rolling Fido in a half-dried pool of rain-water, while she screamed, in a voice of mock distress:

"Muvver, muvver, det de tub out aden. Naughty Fido's been an' dot unwashed!"

R. A. H. G.

After the Explosion.

THERE is a little mother in Wales who has a sixteen-months' infant son who is the apple of her eye, and whom she evidently regards as something of a heavy-weight.

She resides a few hundred yards from the scene of a recent colliery explosion, and her house was one that felt the shock.

A friend afterwards expressed his sympathy.

"And did you really feel the explosion?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "it shook the house from garret to cellar."

"What did you think was the matter?" he curiously questioned.

"I thought baby had fallen out of bed," was the unexpected answer.

E. E.

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Not an Uncle.

GRANDPA: "Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be proud over it."

Little Fred: "No, I oughtn't to; I ain't no uncle."

Grandpa: "Why not?"

Little Fred: "'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl."

J. M.

Mr. Bowser's Baby Elixir.

MRS. BOWSER, on returning from a visit to her mother the other evening, found her lord in the midst of an evil smell in the kitchen, bottling a villainous looking compound of his own manufacture.

"I have here," exclaimed Mr. Bowser grandiloquently, "a concoction of roots, herbs, gums, and bark, which I guarantee——"

"What is it?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser; "dog poison?"

Mr. Bowser glared.

"It is an elixir," he snapped, "for fractious infants, and I am about to put it to a practical test," and seizing his bottle he left the house.

Just down the street a woman stood gossiping with her back to a perambulator, in which an infant wailed and screamed like a second-hand set of bagpipes.

Bowser crept up and applied the bottle to the lips of the performer.

The fumes partially asphyxiated the child, and the mother, alarmed at the sudden cessation of the melody, turned round.

"You willan!" she gasped, "would you poison my kid? You——!!!"

When Bowser emerged from the dust-up, his own dog would not have known him, and no prizefighter was ever in sorrier plight.

Mrs. Bowser let him in at the front door.

"Wouldn't it have been wiser to have tried the elixir on the mother first?" she said soothingly; but for once Bowser had no retort ready.

E. C.

Sceptic and Believer.

A YOUNG man, who looked as if he might be about twenty-five years old, was sitting in the waiting room of the station. On his knee was a year old baby.

Presently the baby began to cry, and the awkwardness and helplessness of the young man was so marked as to attract general attention.

At this point one of the waiting passengers, a fat and amiable-looking man, crossed the room and said to the distressed baby-tender:

"A young woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, I knew it as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"Ha! ha! Excuse me, but I can't help laughing. A woman once played the same trick on me. I was in Leeds. You're caught, young man. She took you for a soft 'un."

"Oh, she'll come back," answered the young man as he looked anxiously round.

"She will, eh! Ha! ha! ha! What makes you think so?"

"Why, because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."

"Oh—um—I see," muttered the fat man, and he was in such haste to get back to the other side of the room that he nearly fell over a passing pug dog.

G. E. G.

What's the Matter?

"WHY, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked the indulgent mamma of her four-year-old son.

"Nurse won't div me a pretty fing in the pail of water," said Tommy, sobbing.

"Tell her if she doesn't give it to you this minute, I will tell papa," replied his mamma.

Tommy soon returned, saying, "She won't div it to me."

"Nurse, how dare you refuse to give dear little Tommy what he wants!" said mamma, appearing on the scene. "Here is your master; perhaps you will obey him."

"What is it my Tommy wants? Give it to him instantly, nurse, or depart from the house!" said papa.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the nurse coolly, "to have annoyed you, but I cannot give him what he wants, for how can I give him the moon that is shining in the pail?"

Papa and mamma return to the house dejectedly.

F. W.

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DON'T you think it would look nice on your drawing-room table, or under a glass case on your mantel-piece? Well, there is no reason whatever why you should not get it. As you probably know, the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has bought it, and is offering it as a prize in a simple competition. All you have to do is to send in what you consider the funniest joke you ever heard. It may be either cut from a paper or written up by yourself. In either case you must affix to it a coupon which will be found in the current number of *Pearson's Weekly*.

Kruger's Hat would be a splendid thing to show your friends on Christmas Day.

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AN UNCONSCIOUS PRIZE.

"NED, I've a serious proposal to make."

"What is it, Jack?"

But Jack was slow in responding and it was clear that the subject was a very serious one.

His brows were knitted and his forehead wrinkled. He wished to speak, yet was diffident about giving expression to his thoughts.

Ned watched him narrowly, and his own face assumed in sympathy an appearance that was as serious as that upon the countenance of his friend.

"Out with it, old chap!" exclaimed Ned at length.

"It's like this," began Jack with just a show of nervousness, and placing his cigarette on the ash tray. "We've been good friends for years, haven't we? And we don't want to begin to be otherwise after all this time, do we?"

"Now what's the matter?" asked Ned, following the other's example by placing his cigarette on the ash tray. "Let's have it and never mind the palaver."

Jack Myers looked round the club room to see that they were alone and began.

"Look here, we are both sweet on Emily Inglis—" He stopped short as if he had said too much, but an affirmative nod from Ned settled that point. "Well, that's agreed."

"And we have reason to believe, from the nice way in which she treats us, that she—that she—."

"Yes," assented his companion, who was more inclined to go straight to the point. "She thinks a good deal of us; whenever we see her at a cycle meet, or a soirée, or anywhere else, which is pretty often, it seems to me that she shows more favour to us than to anyone else."

"That's what I was coming to, Ned, and I think we may admit that she has shown no preference for either of us. In short, our chances are about equal."

Ned nodded.

He began to have some idea of what his friend was driving at.

"We are both sensible fellows," resumed Jack, now more at ease, "and we know very well that we can't both have her. On the other hand, I believe that her feelings towards us must be just at that stage when she would fall in love—violently in love—with either of us if the other fellow were not there to divide and distract her attention. It's a sort of 'how happy could I be with either,' you know."

"You don't think that it is our fate to marry a certain person—our counterpart, the one destined for us, and all that sort of thing?" Ned sighed.

"No, I don't; it's all bosh!" was the emphatic rejoiner. "If that were so, you would find a man marrying a woman who is out in Australia or some other country more often than is the case at present. So the case stands like this: We are both fond of the girl, and she would be fond of one of us, if there were only one of us. That's clear, isn't it?"

It was not put quite so clearly as Jack imagined, but Ned knew what was meant.

"The question is, then, which one of us shall retire," pursued Jack. "How shall we decide it?"

It was a difficult matter to decide. Both young fellows were fair specimens of manhood, and their social positions and prospects were equal. Naturally, neither cared to give way; and they could not ask the girl herself to decide, because she had hitherto shown no preference, and it would be unfair to force her on the spur of the moment to make a choice—unfair alike to her and to them.

Various suggestions were made—that they should abide by the result of a toss, that the one who first saw the girl should be the one to stay or the one to go away, and so on, but there was too much chance about those suggestions and they were rejected. Finally, as the best way out of the difficulty, they agreed upon a bicycle race for several miles along a country road, the loser to retire and leave the other to go in and win the girl.

"In the circumstances," remarked Ned as they rose to leave the comfortable room of the cycle club, "I do not think that this arrangement can be considered disrespectful to Miss Inglis, whom we both admire."

They had not left the club house far behind them when they met Miss Emily Inglis—met her so suddenly on turning a corner that they were quite taken aback and had some difficulty in collecting themselves quickly enough to answer her greeting without appearing foolish.

It was no wonder that the young fellows were "sweet," on her; and at that particular moment she looked so bewitching that in the breast of each young man there suddenly arose a feeling of jealousy towards the other.

"I am sorry that I shall not be at the meet to-morrow afternoon," said Miss Inglis after they had exchanged a few sentences of the usual kind about the weather and similar topics.

"Not be there!" said Jack and Ned in chorus. "Oh, that's a pity!"

"It won't be half so enjoyable without you, Miss Inglis," said Ned Hallam.

"I don't think I shall go now," observed Jack. He felt a little annoyed that Ned should have made the remark about the meet not being so enjoyable; it looked as though his companion was trying to advance himself unfairly, and felt impelled to go one better.

Emily Inglis looked curiously at them both; then she became grave.

"I am going away for a few days," she observed quietly. "I did not expect to go so soon, but—I hope you will have an agreeable afternoon to-morrow. Good evening, Mr. Meyers. Good evening, Mr. Hallam."

And she vanished round the corner.

"Perhaps it's as well, after all, that she is going away for a while," remarked Jack philosophically. "We shall have no disturbing influence now, and our race will be over by the time she gets back. It wasn't altogether fair of you to make that remark, old chap, see how quiet she became. I fancy she guessed something."

"I like that!" expostulated Ned. "Her demeanour did not change until you said something about not going, you know."

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There was just a little coolness between the friends when they parted, but it soon wore off. Each went in training so far as circumstances would permit for the great race which was to decide their fate at the end of another week—the race was fixed for the following Saturday afternoon—and both were equally determined to strain every nerve in the competition. The contest promised to be exciting, for there was not much to choose between them in strength and skill.

They decided to keep the matter a secret; they required no starter or referee; they had sufficient confidence in one another to believe that each would act fairly, and it was hardly likely that there would be any great distance between them. Moreover, when the winner arrived at the inn which was to be the goal, he would request somebody to take note of his arrival.

The race was to be ridden in ordinary cycling costume, so as not to excite curiosity. The loser undertook to remove to some other town within a specified period.

On the fateful afternoon the competitors rode to the starting point, about half-a-mile out of the town. From this point there was a fairly good run over a quiet road for eight miles; the exact distance in a straight line would not have been more than five miles, this route having been chosen because they were far less likely to meet other cyclists.

The signal for starting was arranged thus. A blade of grass was placed on a branch of a tree where the wind would catch it and take it off; the competitors, with their machines in line, would watch the blade of grass, and when they saw it topple over they would start.

Their faces expressive of grim determination, Jack and Ned kept their eyes fixed on the signal; there was a murmur of excitement from both men as the blade of grass was swept away by a gust of wind, then they were off.

Not a word was spoken, both men saved their breath and did their utmost. There was no question of holding in until the end, and then making a sudden spurt in order to win by surprising the competitor rather than by real strength or skill. They were to go as hard as they could and get there in the shortest time.

The pace was a telling one, and by the time half-a-dozen miles had been covered they were nearly knocked up; both men felt that they had overdone it at the start.

A decrease of speed, it was tacitly agreed, should come only with a decrease of strength. When not more than half-a-mile from the end, they were still going at a great pace; Ned leading by half-a-dozen yards. Jack was straining every muscle to overtake his rival and was gradually getting closer.

Only a quarter of a mile to go, and they were abreast.

The one thought was in both minds—which would win? Then an accident occurred, and to this day Jack and Ned cannot tell exactly what happened.

A couple of dogs, one chasing the other, suddenly ran out into the road just ahead of them; both men, in their sudden anxiety, attempted to curve, there was a crash—and the race was over.

It was half-an-hour later when Jack and Ned, trundling their damaged machines, arrived at the inn, but instead of asking someone to note their arrival, they were annoyed because too much notice was taken of it.

However, they put the best face on it, made arrangements to have the bicycles sent to the repairing shop in town on the Monday morning, and proceeded to make themselves as comfrotable as they could.

"I suppose we shall have to ride it again," remarked Ned, moodily, rubbing a bump on the back of his head.

"Look's like it," observed Jack as he stretched a grazed shin.

It was dusk when they reached town by train. They had made themselves presentable and thought they had better go to the club in case their absence should excite suspicion. But here they were doomed to receive another shock.

"I say, you follows," said Alec Jeeks, apostrophising the rivals, "have you heard the latest? Emily Inglis is engaged to a fellow in Manchester! Fact! Had it from my sister—great chum of Emmie's—says they have known each other some time and been corresponding, and now they are engaged. She went to Manchester last Saturday to stay with his mother, you know. Settled it up there. Going to be married in six weeks."

And away went Alec to tell somebody else.

"Ned," said Jack solemnly, "we've made fools of ourselves!"

"Tell me something fresh!" exclaimed Ned sarcastically.

"That's why she looked grave at what we said the other day. But I never suspected it. Suppose that her manner towards us was just the same as towards anybody else—that girl is bound to be nice to everybody, she can't help it! It was our own imagination that made it appear different. Lucky beggar! I shall never marry!"

"Neither shall I!" said Jack just as decidedly.

It will be well to record a brief conversation which took place between Jack and Ned some four months later.

"Jack, you remember what you said about its being all bosh that we must marry the one destined for us? Well, I've got the sweetest, the best——"

"Yes, I know. So have I. I'm going to try to get her to fix the day soon." G. A. Day.

"He's looking for a wife," they said to her pointedly.

"He would be an object of greater interest to me," she replied with some asperity, "if he were looking for a single woman."

"She felt the strong arm of the law," he said, speaking of a woman who had got into trouble.

"How delightful?" commented the demure young thing.

"What is delightful?" he demanded in surprise.

"To feel a strong arm," she answered softly.

They are still sitting on that shaded seat on Yarmouth Parade.

It is not
20 TT's R,
nor yet
XX Teas Sir,
Just simply
TWENTY TEAZER.

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WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

A MAN with his own way to make in the world ought to have two wives. The law should permit that. This was the burden of Jarvis Jessup's thought as he sat alone in the gloom of his unlighted library.

There should be a rich wife to begin with, of course, for a man must have money. But a rightly-constituted man needs more than money. He needs social opportunity, so that his money may produce its full effect. To gain that, the right kind of wife is a most precious helpmeet. Sometimes the rich wife is not at all precious in that way. Jarvis Jessup knew that.

But, unhappily, two wives at once are out of the question. Well, then, it ought to be lawful to expunge the rich wife when she has become detrimental. As things are now, she must be kept on the books long after she has ceased to be profitable.

At this point in his meditations, Mr. Jessup was startled by feeling some unaccountable and indescribable sound near him. He did not hear it—he felt it. It was like an inaudible cackle of diabolical laughter. A ghost might have laughed so, for another ghost to hear. It disturbed Jarvis for the moment, and made him uncomfortable.

But probably it was some queer echo in one of the library alcoves. He was not very familiar with the properties of his library. He often sat here of an evening, and reflected on his greatness, finding the library more satisfactory than any other sort of lumber-room to sit in; and that was all the use he had for it. But he had never "felt" that sound of strange laughter before.

Jarvis Jessup was a self-made man. The difference between him and the sort of men already made was considerable; but he was eminently satisfied with his own job, holding it greatly superior to the other kind. True there was still a good deal to be done; but when he had quite finished himself, men and other beings would see something well worth seeing. The steps of progress thus far were what he loved to comtemplate.

He had put vast wealth in the place of miserable poverty. That was a process pleasant to think upon. No matter how he had accomplished it. When a man has so many millions as this man now possessed, questions are impertinent.

His wife made his future more difficult; for, unhappily, she was a woman, he thought, to be ashamed of. Coarse and ignorant as she was, she could not prevent his progress, of course, but she hindered it. An aspiring man should not be hampered by such conditions. He wished he might be rid of this incumbrance, at whatever sacrifice.

As he came back to this, the starting-point of his reflections, Jarvis felt again the same strange echo of diabolical laughter. He got up and peered nervously into the dark corners of the room. He could see nothing and hear nothing; so he sat down again and listened to his thoughts.

They dwelt upon his daughter now. She was his reliance where his wife failed him so miserably. He was not ashamed of his daughter. She was beautiful and attractive. She was even brilliant. The money expended for her many accomplishments had been well invested; for now she reflected upon her father much of the light that is shed from high places. What more could he desire?

But he had trouble with her, too. It is a grievous thing when a father finds his own child arrayed against him. And the unhappy experience had come upon this father in the very turn and crisis of his shining career. If he were thwarted now, his most precious opportunity would be lost. Therefore he would not be thwarted.

At the expense of much effort he had secured the "option" of a son-in-law just to his mind. Many had been offered to him, but they were not what he wanted. It had so happened that his daughter did not want them either; but that was merely a trifling coincidence, of no real significance whatever. Here, at last, in his very grasp, was the very article he coveted. The man was available in every way. He owned as many millions as Jarvis Jessup himself, and he held keys to open the most exalted doors. So allied, this anxious father might rest from all his labours.

Then how sharper than a serpent's tooth the perversity of his only child. For in this case, also, the daughter did not approve. The preposterous excuse for her wickedness was a pronounced preference for some man of her own choosing; but that was only a trifling difficulty. Jarvis could manage his daughter easily

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enough. If only he could dispose thus easily of the wife that had become unprofitable.

Again his wife. Perhaps he thought so much of her to-night because this was their marriage anniversary. Twenty-five years ago this night he had taken her fortune with the incumbrance of herself. Twenty-five years was quite long enough for an ambitious man to wear such fetters as bound him to this undesirable woman.

He was startled by a faint light, shone about him from somewhere in the darkness. Then he saw a small flame moving through the gloom. At first it seemed to move of itself, but soon he saw that a hand guided it. A white-robed figure was revealed behind the flame. Do spirits of light come when the powers of darkness call them?

The next moment Jarvis Jessup smiled in mortified amusement at his own fears. The white-robed figure was his daughter, come to the library in search of a book. Being the only one who ever sought books there, she expected darkness in the room, and was prepared for it. She carried a pretty little silver lamp of antique pattern and by means of it she had scared her father most dismally.

The feeble torch did not reveal to her that the place was already occupied, and she moved with unrestrained carelessness from alcove to alcove; the perfumed oil of the lamp giving forth a faint fragrance as of spice-offerings to a goddess. No goddess was this, however. She was simply a bright, lovable, loving girl; grown a little awry in the arid soil and the unwholesome weather of home. As she carried her little lamp from place to place now she sang softly to herself fragments of a gay love-song.

The love-song was harsh discord in the ears of her father. If it had been a song of gold, now, or of high society. Anger at the foolish song made him forget the more foolish words that had frightened him so. He would give the girl something to think about besides love-nonsense.

"Grace, I have something to say to you. Come here."

The unexpected sound of his voice startled her a little, but evidently she was not much impressed by his presence or his words. As she came and stood before him there was, in her face and manner, a veiled insolence that suggested contempt for him and his pretensions. He was her father and she must wear for him a mask of respect. But he was also a man of ignoble baseness, so under the mask she must needs smile in derision. Filial love? Hardly, without at least a twig of paternal love for that heavenly vine to twine itself about.

"Grace,"—the father spoke sternly, but without looking into the beautiful, clear eyes, shining above him—"Mr. Atherton will call on you to-morrow. He has something to ask which you must answer. And I may as well tell you beforehand that your answer must be 'yes.' Do you understand? Your answer must be 'yes.'"

Grace calmly looked him over for an uncomfortable half-minute.

"Mr. Atherton has his answer already," she said quietly. "And I must say he behaved very well, considering how old he is, and how hopelessly vulgar."

"He has been here? Well? You knew my wishes; did you answer him according to them?"

"He wished to marry me, not you," said Grace. "So I gave him my answer, not yours. The answer he got was 'no.'"

"So!"

"Marry your beggar if you dare!"

The word was simply an exasperating sneer. The man was angry, but he would not dignify this petty revolt by treating it seriously.

"Mr. Atherton will call on you again to-morrow," he went on. "And he will get a different answer. You shall write him an apology to-night, and ask him to come and receive your final answer. And when he comes you will make the answer fit your duty."

"What if I refuse all this—as I certainly shall?"

"If! There's no 'if' about it. Do you suppose I'm going to lose the chance of my life-time for a baby whim of yours? Do you suppose I'm going to miss the advantages George Atherton can give me because you fancy yourself in love with a beggar? A fellow with a paltry hundred thousand, and absolutely without social position? If you refuse! Refuse if you dare! Marry your beggar if you dare! Do you know what I will do? I'll—But you won't refuse!"

"I certainly do refuse."

Grace spoke very earnestly. She set down the lamp on the table beside them, and stood directly before her father with her hands tightly clasped. That was the only sign of excitement—the tight clenching of her fingers.

"Now listen to me, father. We had best understand each other once for all."

She stopped abruptly in great alarm. Something dreadful had befallen her father. Some great terror had overwhelmed him. He sat cowering back in his chair, shrinking away from some frightful thing his staring eyes beheld. His features were convulsed, and his very hair seemed to stir above his scared brain.

Grace could see nothing to account for all this. Certainly her words had not produced the startling change.

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She knew they would enrage him, but surely they would not terrify him. She leant over him and laid her hand anxiously upon his arm. She would have spoken soothingly to him, having a woman's instinct to relieve suffering; but he put her away with a trembling hand and his stiff lips shaped themselves to the one word:

"Go!"

So, in great bewilderment, she hastened away in search of her mother. She left her little lamp behind. In the light it shed, Jarvis Jessup looked again to see the frightful thing that had so affected him.

And, behold, it was only a shadow! Grace had set her lamp beside a bronze figure on the table. The shadow of this figure had leapt, like a grotesque, live thing across the table towards Jarvis; and in its odd and gruesome distortion it was the shadow of a demon. He recognized it as the shadow of the horrible presence that had been mocking him. And the wavering flame caused the impish shadow to leap and dance upon the table in fiendish glee. No wonder the haunted man was frightened.

But he was not frightened now. He was ashamed of his momentary weakness, and therefore in a worse temper than ever. In this frame of mind his wife found him. Summoned by her daughter, she had hurried to him in much anxiety. For in spite of twenty-five years in his company, this foolish woman still had love for her husband. How that could be, let the man who understands a woman's heart explain.

"What's the matter, Jessup?" she cried, coming to him in awkward haste. "Whew! What have you been burning matches for? You've filled the room full of brimstone! Say, what ails you?"

"Nothing ails me. Why are you here? I did not send for you."

He spoke with contemptuous impatience, as if some servant had been rather too presumptuous. But Mrs. Jessup was not visibly affected by his words. She was not a whit more in awe of his greatness than her daughter was.

"I did not send for you," Jarvis repeated. "But seeing you are here, I'll give you something to do. Find Grace, and tell her I insist on her doing what I ordered. She must do it this hour. Tell her I shall find ways to punish her if she disobeys! Go! and do as I bid."

"Don't you be simple, Jessup! Grace told me what you said. You don't suppose she's going to do such a thing as that, do you? Ask that old hunk to come back and marry her? She'd be a fool! Of course she won't do it, and you can't make her do it. Let old Atherton go. There's money enough without his. And you just tell Grace she can have Frank Julian. Frank's well enough off, and a better or nicer young fellow doesn't exist. You just say 'yes' to that; won't you, Jessup?"

She laid her hand in coaxing caress on his head, and waited for him to speak. He thrust her hand away with a gesture that was an insult.

"You surely don't suppose I am going to argue the matter with you—with you?" he said.

"Say 'yes,' Jessup!"

"Woman! you annoy me enough by being alive, without encouraging my child to be disobedient. I won't have that. Now go!"

She was not afraid of him, but he had power to hurt her. He had hurt her now. With a pain in her heart, she moved slowly away. Three steps made her invisible in the gloom, and her husband dismissed her from his mind.

"Admirable!"

The demon shadow leapt in mad glee. It seemed to have voice as well as life now, for surely it had spoken that word of approbation. And the voice was the silent echo made audible. With terrifying distinctness Jarvis Jessup heard the word. Anybody could hear it. His fears had been prophets, then.

Yes, and there was the confirmation of the prophecy. The shadow-demon was hidden now; for between Jarvis and the table, a shape had come, which almost caused the man to swoon with fear. And yet the thing was not so very dreadful to look upon. It was simply the form of a man; and, so far as appearance went, the man might have been a highly respectable prospective defaulter.

"Good evening, old friend!" said the Shape.

"You—you have—the advantage—of me," Jarvis stammered through his chattering teeth.

"Certainly. That is why I am here. I have called with my account. This is the end of the quarter, and my time for settlement."

"I—I have no outstanding accounts," Jarvis protested with an abject pretence of bluster.

"You will hardly be able to repudiate this one; and you will please give it prompt attention. I have already waited some time here, being unwilling to interrupt conversations with ladies. However, I enjoyed hearing you talk. You proved yourself such a customer as I love to deal with. Now to business."

The visitor seated himself on the edge of the table, and spread out a paper which he had carried in his hand.

"Here is the account," he said. "You wanted an article I could furnish. You offered the price I demanded, and I delivered the property. The date of delivery is here—just twenty-five years ago to-night. The transaction recorded is, the delivery to Jarvis Jessup of Matilda Bowen, with the fortune to her appertaining. Consideration—One Soul. You remember it? I was sure you would! You needed a rich wife, and had said you would give your soul for Matilda Bowen and her fortune. But I need not trouble you recalling the details. I am here to receive the amount due to me for my share in the transaction."

"No, no! Give me longer time! I didn't mean it for a bargain! I gave you no writing!"

The pitiful wretch in the chair shrieked the words, and cowered away from his dread creditor. The Shape, unmoved by his outcry, sat and smiled upon him implacably.

But the debtor's appeal for mercy had response. And of all beings in the universe, the one who came to Jarvis Jessup in his dire strait was Matilda Bowen, the wife he had just sent from him with reviling. Hearing voices before she reached the door, she had paused in surprise, and then had stayed in consternation. She realized who the creditor was; but if she was not afraid of Jarvis Jessup, she most certainly was not afraid of this other!

"Don't mind him, Jarvis," she said, coming to her husband, and laying her hand on his head again. "I'll manage him! All you've got to do is to say 'yes' to Grace and Frank Julian. Will you do that?"

Jarvis nodded with craven eagerness, clutching pitifully at her dress the while.

"Is that a promise—sure?" she demanded of him.

"Yes! Yes! Help me!"

"All right. Now," turning to the creditor, "you've got me to deal with!"

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A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for TEN years sent with each watch. You can sell our Jewellery in a few minutes at 1/6 each article. We have thousands of testimonials as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery and Presents. Send no money. Write to-day.

BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE (Dept. 5). 283 CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

Neuralgia Positively Cured!

Free Test Offered.

The annexed cut presents in the prominent white lines the nerves most liable to attacks of Neuralgia. Sufferers will know only too well the pain tracks, and will be glad to know of a Simple and Sure Remedy. The proprietors will send Free two sample Zox Powders to any reader of *Short Stories* sending stamped envelope to ZOX CO., 11 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED. This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, Mrs. C. H. (Room 8), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

NOSE medically approved, 3/9. MACHINES. LEES RAY, S.S. Dept., South Castle St. Liverpool, is a specialist on Ugly and Red Noses. Send stamp for particulars of his patent scientific Nose Improvers. Red Nose Cure, 11/6. Outstanding Ear Machines

Don't Cough-use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves. Sold everywhere, Tins 13½d. each.

Keating's Lozenges

BIG PRIZE SCHEME

For MARCH, 1901.

25,602 PRIZES, value £10,000

LIST OF PRIZES:

1	Cash Prize £50	£50 0
1	Cash Prize, £40	40 0
10	Handsome Pianos, in walnut, £40 each	400 0
5	Cash Prizes, £25 each	125 0
10	Gents' Bicycles, Freewheels, £17 17s.	178 10
10	Ladies' Bicycles, Freewheels, £17 17s.	178 10
10	Cash Prizes, £10 each	100 0
20	Jones's Sewing Machines, £8 each	160 0
20	Cash Prizes, £5 each	100 0
50	Rolled Gold Lever Watches, £2 10s. each	125 0
100	Cash Prizes, £2 each	200 0
50	Dinner Services (56 pieces), £2 each	100 0
50	Folding Bed Chairs, £2 each	100 0
50	Ladies' Travelling Trunks, £2 each	100 0
200	Cash Prizes, £1 each	200 0
200	Ladies' Leather Hatboxes, £1 each	200 0
100	Basket Arm Chairs, upholstered, £1	100 0
400	pairs Blankets, 15s. per pair	300 0
200	½-doz Electro-plated Forks, large, 15s. per ½ doz.	150 0
200	½-doz. Electro-plated Forks, small, 15s. per ½-doz.	£150 0
500	Ladies' Umbrellas, 15/- ea.	375 0
500	Gents' Umbrellas, 15s. each	375 0
400	Best Electro-plated Teapots, 15s. each	300 0
400	Handsome Meat Carvers, with Steel in Case, 15s. set	300 0
1000	Cash Prizes, 10s. each	500 0
1000	pairs Bed Sheets, 10s. each	500 0
1000	White Linen Table Cloths, 10s. each	500 0
1000	Ladies' Umbrellas, 7/6 each	375 0
1000	Ladies' Leather Purses, 7/6 each	375 0
200	½-doz. Table Knives, 7/6 per ½-doz.	75 0
200	½-doz. Dessert do., 7/6 per ½-doz.	75 0
2000	Ladies' Dress Lengths, Navy Blue Serge, 7/6 each	750 0
2000	Cash Prizes of 5s. each	500 0
4715	Ladies' Leather Handbags, 4s. each	943 0
4000	½-doz. Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2/6 per ½-doz.	500 0
4000	Handsome Work-boxes, 2/6 each	500 0
25,602		**£10,000 0**

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Every tablet of **Watson's Matchless Cleanser** is enclosed in a Wrapper, with signature up the centre of same. Save the WHOLE Wrapper (tops of Wrappers will be disqualified), and send, postage or carriage paid, to **Joseph Watson & Sons Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds,** not later than MARCH 31ST, 1901. Each package will be counted as one lot; separate entries must be sent under separate covers. If any parcel arrives, postage or carriage not being fully paid, such parcel will be refused. Be careful to see that the full postage is paid. Each parcel sent in must contain the full name and address of sender, and number of Wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "**Prize Competition.**" The prizes will be awarded in the above order to the senders of the highest numbers of Wrappers. A list, giving result of the Competition, will be sent with each prize when it is sent out. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of Joseph Watson & Sons Limited will be eligible. All prizes will be despatched about April 25th.

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

The Best Soap for all purposes, still holds the lead. Quality perfect. Is the Housewife's Friend. It saves her health, her strength, her wealth; washes her clothes with ease and leaves them sweet and pure, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. **It has the largest sale of 1-lb. tablets in the world.** Sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the United Kingdom. Buy it. Prove it and secure a Prize.

Shilling packets

Kaputine "the" safe Remedy for **Headache**

WARNING. *Instead of using the common White Headache Powders, which generally consist entirely of a crude drug, which has been condemned as dangerous by the medical papers, insist on having a bona-fide anti-quack remedy, recommended by such eminent medical authorities as Dr. RAMAGE, L.R.C.P., Dr. THURSTIN, L.R.C.P., late Dr. BOYD-WILLIAMS (Liverpool), the Editor of the Medical Journal, "Health," etc., etc. The name of this safe remedy is KAPUTINE.*

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS SELL IT, OR CAN GET IT FOR YOU IN A FEW HOURS.

Sold by BOOT'S, TAYLOR'S, DAY'S, WHITE'S and other Stores. Most Co-operative Stores sell it.

PACKETS, 1/-. SAMPLES ONE PENNY,

or KAPUTINE LIMITED, HUDDERSFIELD,

will send it FREE for 12 stamps.

WORTH A CROWN A DOSE.

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"Jarvis! Jarvis! Wake up!"

"Impossible, woman! I cannot deal with you!" said he with manifest trepidation.

"Well, you'll have to deal with me. The property wasn't yours to sell, but never mind that. Now take a pencil and set down the items I give you. Are you ready?"

Sullenly the creditor took pencil and paper. The woman stood transformed before them. She remembered what she had suffered from the fear-palsied wretch who was now clinging to her garments, and the memory made her heroic in his defence. That is the way of some women.

"A bargain is a bargain," she said to the astonished creditor. "You stood by your bargain; he shall stand by his!"

Jarvis screeched in new terror when he heard these ominous words. She continued as if he had remained silent.

"Jarvis Jessup wanted my money. To get it he made me believe that he loved me and I loved him. Have you got that down?"

The creditor nodded.

"Well, as soon as he got my money, he made me miserable by his neglect. He did not even show decent gratitude. Put that down."

"Gratitude," the creditor repeated mechanically.

"Worse than that," the poor wife continued; and now it was pitiful to hear her words. "He was ashamed of me. He has always been ashamed of me, because I am plain and awkward, and haven't fine manners. Put that down. He's ashamed of the wife he cheated into marrying him."

The creditor wrote swiftly, smiling the while.

"Since he got so rich with my money," the wife went on, "he wants to get into society. I can't help him there, so he hates me. Not half-an-hour ago he wished I was dead. Put that down."

"Dead. A splendid record it is!" said the creditor, enthusiastically.

"No conversation, if you please! Now for some items about our daughter. First item: He never gave her one word or look of fatherly affection in her life. Next item: he poured out money for her, but only as an investment. He thought she would be a credit to him, and help him along; that's all he cared for. Next item: She got into society, and that bettered his chances; so he pretended to be proud of her. Next item: Two men want to marry her. One is a good man, and she loves him. The other is not good, and she despises him. The man she despises could help Jarvis Jessup along, so the poor girl has been ordered to marry him. Next item: Just now Jarvis Jessup promised that she shall marry the man she wants. Why? Simply because that was the only way to save himself from you."

"All down!" said the creditor, gleefully.

This was a delightfully foolish woman to deal with, after all. She had made her husband's case about as bad as it could possibly be.

"All other items I suppose you've got already," the advocate resumed. "You know he hasn't had any conscience but the market reports; that he hasn't troubled himself whether the money he got belonged to him or to somebody else; that he never kept out of any speculation because it was going to ruin other men; that he made a beggar of every depositor in a bank, and was sharp enough to do it without being arrested. You've got all that, haven't you?"

"Every item!" the creditor responded, heartily. "And I have seldom had a finer record!"

"You are sure it's all right?"

"Perfectly correct."

"Good! Now we'll sum up." There was an ominous tone of triumph in the woman's voice at last. "Just take the trouble to find the sum of all these items; then subtract the total from the original amount and see how much Soul there is left!"

It was terrible to see the change that came upon the creditor.

"Understand," said the advocate, "your claim isn't disputed. You shall have all the Soul Jarvis Jessup has left after twenty-five years of such a life as that."

The only answer was an angry dash of the pencil, as the creditor wrote on the margin of his paper the words:

"No assets!"

Then the Shape vanished; and his rescued victim collapsed in his chair, insensible.

* * * * * *

"Jarvis! Jarvis! Wake up!"

His wife's hand was laid on him again, and he came slowly and fearfully back to consciousness.

"Say, Jessup, are you awake? Mr. Atherton is in the parlour, waiting to see you. Says he wants your answer, whatever that means."

"Tell him," said Jarvis with a shudder, "that my daughter's answer is my answer!"

J. C. P.

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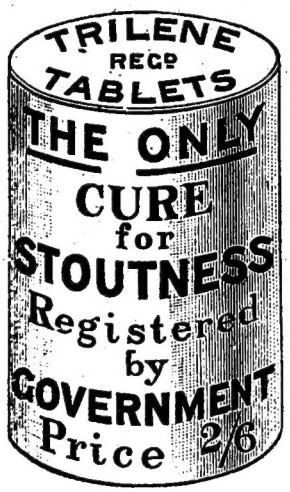
ALL FAT PEOPLE

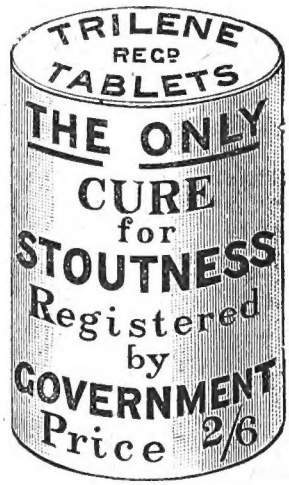
Can be **CURED** by taking

TRILENE TABLETS Regd.



For a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to Improve both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet.

An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."



Send **2s. 6d.** to **THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION**, 66 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87 Alexandra Road, Norwich, October 19th, 1896.

Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them; their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing so stout, but although the disease was, I consider chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

Mrs. DARNLEY SMITH, Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

COUNTESS SECKENDORFF, of Berlin, writes: "The Tablets greatly benefited me personally, and I am recommending them to friends."

Miss CHATTERTON, 7 Salisbury Villas, Banstead, Surrey, says: "I weighed 12st. 5lb., but am now 11st. and getting much better."

Nurse CROUCHER, at Mrs. Bennett's, 14 Buckleigh Road, Streatham, says: "I lost 9lb. from the box I took."

"77 Hindhill Street, Heywood, February 5th, 1898.

"Gentlemen,—I have not quite finished the box of Tablets and am 2lb. lighter. The change is great, and several friends are beginning the treatment, which not only reduces fat but strengthens rheumatic joints—such has been the case with me. "Yours sincerely, M. A. HEYWOOD."

Mrs. D. BURTON, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all telling me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss NORTHLEDGE, The Laurels, Risholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Extract from *The Lady*, September 3rd, 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting, or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a box of the wonderful Trilene Tablets which are quite harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing cure for obesity."

Mrs. T. BOSTON, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mr. MCLEOD, 44, Calside, Paisley, writes: "I have been cured. If you want to know my weight now, it is 10st.; reduced 1st. 8lb., and I am quite content."

A. M. PRATT of Ongar House, Ongar, says: "My weight is so much reduced it is unnecessary to take more. The reduction of weight was from 12st. 6lb. to 10st. 4lb."

Mrs. H. COX, 28 Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, writes: "The box of Tablets has reduced my weight 1½ stones."

Mr. WALKER, 236 London Road, Hazelgrove, Stockport, says: "I have used one box and am 14lb. lighter. Send another soon as possible."

Col.-Sergt. WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regt., Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs E. ALEXANDER, 103 Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me quite 2 stone, and I am now quite cured."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, writes: "Before taking Tablets I was 46 inches round waist, now I am 32 inches. I hope soon to be 23. I could hardly move or get up, now I get about easily. Please use this as you wish."

Countess FURSTENBERG, of Germany, writes: "They act speedily and well."

The Princess LIECHTENSTEIN writes from Landsberg, Austria: "Pray send me your excellent Tablets."

Mrs. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Ross, Hereford, writes "I am reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. You may use this if you like."

Mrs. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, nr. Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot speak too highly in praise of Tablets. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Lady C. CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am very pleased with your Tablets."

Mrs. TAYLOR-ROBINSON, of Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Manchester, says: "I feel so much lighter and better since taking your Tablets, and am so much thinner that I hardly recognise myself."

Miss A. LONG, of 9 South Parade, Waterford, writes: "Your Tablets have reduced me 14lb."

Miss A. DAWSON, 62 Orchard Street, Weston-super-Mare, says: "Glad to say the Tablets have sufficiently reduced me. I shall always recommend them."

Miss F. L. BALL, 47 Chesterfield Road, St. Andrews, Bristol, writes: "I am quite cured through your Tablets. They improve the figure, and greatly relieve shortness of breath."

Miss PATIENT, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. DREW, of 1 Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me and I have not got stout since. Send me a box for my mother."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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Transposed Letter Competition.

First Prize . . . . £5.
Second Prize . . . . £2.
Third Prize . . . . £1.

LIST No. 3.

LPY; CTU; AEHT; EOPS; AGLO:

Here are five sets of letters, and prizes will be awarded to the competitors who send in the longest words containing the letters in each of their combinations.

For example, the following words contain the letters IST in their different combinations: fIST, ITSelf, SIT, STIpend, ouTSIde, adverTISe.

CONDITIONS.

1. Write your attempts on one side of the paper only, and keep until one other list has appeared.

2. All words must appear in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary.

3. The letters of the combinations must either be underlined or put in red ink or capitals in the words in which they occur.

4. In the event of a tie, the prize will be divided.

5. The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must enter on that understanding.

RESULT OF BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

Nos. 235 to 240.

THE prize of £2 has been awarded this week to Miss A. J. Stefanoni, of 7 Grittleton Road, Elgin Avenue, W., whose attempt was the first correct one dealt with.

A copy of "The Vibart Affair," by G. Manville Fenn, has been sent to each of the following:

H. Quinton, Tennyson Road, Portswood Park, Southampton.
E. Hutchings, Hope Cottages, Mill Hill.
Charles Stephens, Sandringham Road, Fratton.
Charles Smith, Red House, Westleton.
George Humphreys, Colville Street, Nottingham.
W. Fay, Ormond Road, Dublin.
E. Goodall, Beaconsfield Street, Liverpool.
Mrs. E. G. Luck, Hazlebury Road, Fulham, S.W.
F. J. Smith, Alpha House, Saxmundham.
Miss E. J. Yarwood, Beech Road, Cale Green, Stockport.

SOLUTION OF BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

Nos. 241 to 246.

No. 241. Will, I am, E. wart, glad, stone (William Ewart Gladstone).

No. 242.

L O S S
O B I T
S I T E
S T E A M E R
M O T E
E T O N
R E N T

No. 243.

C rocu S
O rmol U
M imi C
P hysi C
E as E
T eas E
E rran D

No. 244. BADEN-POWELL.

No. 245. MAR-k; car-RYI-ng; Far-NHA-m; STE-p; REP-tiles; s-ENT; m-ATL-ock; l-EIS-ure; p-URE.

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

No. 246. BRAIN GYMNASIUM.

SHORT STORIES ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£0 10 0
Double " " "	1 0 0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	10 0 0
Half-page " "	5 0 0
Quarter-page " "	2 10 0
Eighth-page " "	1 5 0
Front page, whole " "	12 10 0
" half " "	6 5 0

All spaces above one-eighth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, if intended for the issue on sale Nov. 27th, and dated December 1st. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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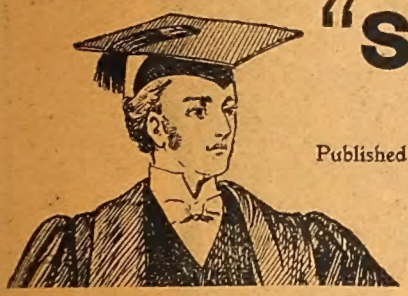
"THE MOST REMARKABLE WORK OF THE PRESENT CENTURY."

(*Vide* the Press.)

PROFESSOR BOYD LAYNARD'S GREAT WORK:



"SECRETS of BEAUTY, HEALTH, and LONG LIFE."

Published by HAMMOND, HAMMOND, and CO., 19, 21, and 23 Ludgate Hill, London.

The publishers have much pleasure in announcing the issue of the popular edition of Professor BOYD LAYNARD'S great work, "SECRETS OF BEAUTY, HEALTH, AND LONG LIFE."

This remarkable handbook to the three subjects embraced in the title has been a long period in preparation by the author—being, in fact, the labour of many years of diligent research and earnest investigation. The work is arranged in TWO BOOKS, FIFTEEN PARTS, and 127 CHAPTERS, the whole of which (in the popular edition now offered to the public) is bound in ONE VOLUME.

The book, although published at Two Shillings, will, if ordered direct from the publishers, be forwarded, carriage paid, to all readers of this paper at the low discount price of

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

This is to secure for it a place in every home, by bringing it within the reach of all.

Amongst the numerous subjects dealt with in Professor Boyd Laynard's Work, the following are but a few (a complete syllabus, showing the contents of the whole of the 127 chapters, enumerating upwards of 500 subjects and divisions of subjects, can be had free on application to the publishers) :—

Analysis of beauty—Beauty a possible attainment—The way we make our own faces—Secrets of face transformation—Changeableness of beauty and its causes—Metaphysical secrets of keeping young and preserving a youthful appearance—The author's investigations into the causes why some individuals look younger than others at a certain age—Wonders of the skin—Relation of the skin to beauty—Effects of mental emotions upon the skin—Bad complexions and their causes—Diet that spoils and diet that improves the complexion—General care of the complexion—Construction, growth, and wonders of the hair—Why hair falls out, and its remedy—Premature greyness: its causes and prevention—General care of the hair—Superficial hairs—Wrinkles, and how to treat them—Freckles, tan, and blackheads—Oily skin, dry skin, and loose skin—How the nose may be improved—Protruding ears and their treatment—Offensive breath—Anatomy of the teeth—Why teeth decay—General care of the teeth—Tallness, and how to attain it—Round shoulders, and how to cure them—How to acquire a full chest—Perfect form and figure: their proper proportions—Thinness, and its treatment—Excessive stoutness—Care of the hands—Care of the feet—Physiognomy; or, the art of reading character from the face—Mental influence upon health—Power of the mind over the body—Influence of the mind in curing diseases—How the mind can induce disease—How violent passions injure health—Laughter as a medicine—Ailments cured by laughter—Wonders of digestion—Relative value to our bodies of the principal articles of food—Fruits and vegetables as medicine: their various influences upon the physical system—Health-preserving diet, and its consistency—Diet favourable to mental exertion and intellectual culture—Influence of various foods upon our passions and propensities—Some perilous articles of food—Light, and its influence upon health—Exercise and its relations to health—Baths and bathing; their influence upon health—The way we breathe, and how it affects our health—The marriage state, and its influence upon health—Statistics showing the comparative vitality of married and single persons—100 professions, trades and occupations: their respective influences upon health and long life—Sleep, and its relation to health—Conditions for healthy sleep—Insomnia—The eyes, and how to preserve them—The ears and hearing: how to prevent deafness—The voice: its culture and preservation—Memory, and how to improve it—Stammering, and how to cure it—Prevention of disease—Colds: their nature, prevention and treatment—Indigestion—Constipation—Neuralgia, Rheumatism—Nervousness—Headaches—That rebellious organ, the liver—Blushing: its physiology and treatment—Rules of life for attaining longevity—Compendium of the mental, moral, physical, and external influences that lessen the years of our earthly existence—The mental, moral, physical, and external influences that are conducive to long life—How to live to a hundred—Premature old age and its causes—Short biographies of 30 modern centenarians, whose ages range from 115 to 185 years—Attainment of long life under physical disabilities—General principles that can be laid down for the anticipation of longevity—The eight signs of long life.

WHAT THE PAPERS ARE SAYING.

The ***Christian Globe*** says: "Secrets of Beauty, Health, and Long Life," is no misnomer respecting the title of this remarkable work. The author has unfolded to the world many secrets regarding these subjects, the importance of which it is impossible to over estimate. The work, however, has not been written for the purpose of startling the reader with extraordinary theories, but as a practical hand-book for all those desiring beauty, health and long life. Nevertheless it is, perhaps, the most remarkable work of the present century, as a study of the syllabus of its 127 chapters will fully verify."

The ***Hull News*** says: "Professor Laynard writes well on a subject he has evidently studied deeply. As a guide to good looks, health, and longevity this book differs entirely from ordinary works on the same subjects. It is more thorough and at the same time more practical. It is safe to say that anyone who ordered his or her life on the rules laid down in this book would certainly profit both physically and materially."

The ***London Journal*** says: "Throughout the whole 127 chapters it is practical and sensible. It contains an immense amount of valuable advice, and, moreover, it is written in such a bright style that it is as interesting as a novel.

Society says: "A really practical work on this subject, free from objectionable and harmful features, has long been wanted. Professor Laynard's new book, 'Secrets of Beauty, Health, and Long Life,' seems to supply the need. It is quite unlike any book on the subject we have ever seen. It is crowded with useful information from the first page to the last. It is the kind of book one can pick up at any time and read with pleasure."

The ***Woman at Home*** says: "The work should be of great interest and practical value, and Professor Laynard scrupulously avoids recommending cosmetics and similar 'aids to beauty,' which invariably do more harm than good. The writer is a man who evidently knows what he is talking about."

***ORDER FORM* 6721.**

To HAMMOND, HAMMOND & Co.,

19, 21 & 23 LUDGATE HILL LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me Professor Boyd Laynard's complete work, "SECRETS OF BEAUTY, HEALTH AND LONG LIFE" (carriage paid), for which I enclose the sum of

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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Don't cook Quaker Oats to death, but cook it enough to break up all the interior cells and so liberate all the nutriment. To secure its full food value and flavor, it should be prepared exactly according to directions on packet. Our Quaker Oats Cooker makes it easier.
QUAKER
ROLLED
WHITE OATS
THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST
READ OUR OFFER.
2-Pint Cooker Free. For 25 white squares like this from front of 2-lb. packet.
2-Pint Cooker Free. For 50 white squares like this from front of 1-lb. packet.
3-Pint Cooker Free. For 40 white squares like this from front of 2-lb. packet.
3-Pint Cooker Free. For 75 white squares like this from front of 1-lb. packet.
Required number of white squares must be sent in at one time.
PURE
On receipt by us POSTAGE PAID of required number of WHITE SQUARES or price mentioned below, before Sept. 1, 1901, a Quaker Oats Cooker will be sent at once, carriage paid to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.
IF YOU WANT THE COOKER AT ONCE and have not got the required number of WHITE SQUARES, send us 2s. for 2-pint size, or 2s. 6d. for 3-pint size. The amount you pay will be refunded immediately correct number of WHITE SQUARES is sent POSTAGE PAID, if received by us before Sept. 1, 1901. Write your address plainly.
Address: Dept. W.3 Quaker Oats, Ltd., London, E.C.
Quaker Oats sold in 1-lb. and 2-lb. packets only.
Beware of Substitutions.
Quaker name and Quaker figure on every Packet.
DERRICK AGENCY N.Y.

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